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A COLLECTION OF POEMS,

Occasionally Writ

On Several SUBJECTS.

By ISAAC THOMPSON.

Carmine Dî superi placantur, Carmine Manes. HORACE.

Newcastle upon *Tyne*: Printed by JOHN WHITE, for the AUTHOR, and Sold by the Booksellers. 1731.

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THE PREFACE.

IT *is as natural for an Author, when he first publishes, to be apprehensive of the Censorious, as it is for a Mariner, upon his first venturing to Sea, to imagine the sad Effects of Storms and contrary Winds; and both (no doubt of it) will equally wish to be provided for the Dangers of their Way. This probably is the Reason that most Authors think fit to prefix to their Works a few seasonable Admonitions to critical Men, and solicit the good Nature of their Readers; and I hope mine will indulge me in the Custom, and not fall in with the Sentiments of those surly Male-contents, who condemn an Author as impudent, and one who assumes a dictatorial Air, when he only humbly desires People to use Humanity towards him, for he is afraid of being hurt, as he fears he has laid himself in too open a State of Danger. It is, I think, passing too hasty a Judgment, to assert that nothing but extream Vanity could induce a bad Writer to publish his Works, for 'tis more than barely possible,* That *which was the Effect of a weak Genius may come abroad by the Allowance of a weak Judgment, without much Pride and Ostentation to help it. A celebrated Modern, observes,* A Poet no sooner communicates his Works, but it is imagined he is a vain young Creature,

given up to the Ambition of Fame, when perhaps the poor Man is all the while trembling with the Fear of being ridiculous. *This I believe is oftener the Case than any other, and methinks it is a Sort of mercileſs and unreaſonable Treatment which he meets with.*

A good Critic ought to have as much Judgment, if not as much Genius as a good Poet, and it will do him no harm if he happens to be good natur'd into the Bargain; in ſome Caſes we recommend ourſelves as much by being Humane as Juſt, for every Body likes gentleneſs of Temper, tho' every one underſtands not true Criticiſm; beſides, I think it is a worſe Fault in a Critic to fix a falſe Imputation upon an Author, than it is in an Author to give a Critic juſt Occaſion; the firſt Offends in Point of Morality, the laſt is only an innocent Blunder; a Piece of Nonſence how great ſoever, can propagate no falſe Doctrine; and a Breach of the Laws of Poetry, may nevertheleſs be none, of the Laws of Society; but a falſe Charge is a laſting Infamy, where it is imputed, and when urged with the uſual Rhetorick and Vehemence of a Critic, may infuſe bad Sentiments into a Multitude; and upon this Account, I think a Critic ought to be as ſparing of judging, as any Author need be of Writing,

For of the two, leſs dang'rous is th'Offence
To tire our Patience, than miſlead our Senſe.
POPE.

In this, I would not be thought to vindicate bad Writing, and condemn all Criticiſm; but only to warn the Cenſorious from being too ſevere, upon what

what can never do any Harm, and will ſhortly die of itſelf.

A true Critic is as uſeful in Letters, as a Guide to a Traveller, who (not being fully acquainted with his Road) miſtakes his Way; but as there is no Neceſſity a Traveller ſhould have his Head broke when he takes a wrong Lane, ſo an Author may be modeſtly inform'd of an Errour, when probably it will not be quite ſo civil to ridicule or abuſe him about it.

A Poet's Works conſiſt in two very material Diſtinctions, the one is his Images, *and the other the* Words *which convey thoſe Images; the firſt is called the* Sentiments, *and the laſt the* Diction *of the Poet; and I preſume the Buſineſs of all Criticiſm may be reduced under theſe two Heads, the laſt of which, I cannot yet believe it is eſſential to refine too much upon, becauſe we are ſo undetermined in fixing preciſe Ideas to Words, and have no Authority but Cuſtom and common Acceptation to go by, which is in perpetual Fluxion and Change, ſome Words daily dying out of Uſe, others (which have been dead) reviving, and new ones are as frequently coin'd into the Language; but as to the firſt we cannot be too accurate in adjuſting; a* Sentiment *admits of being made adequately proper, and invariable Nature will ever be a faithful Teſt, to try it by.*

When a Critic reads with a full Reſolution to find out ſomething amiſs, and concludes at all Rates to mortifie the Author, 'tis impoſſible the unhappy Man ſhould eſcape him, tho' the Work were excellent in it's kind; for,

'Tis with our Judgments as our Watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

And if any Man makes his own Judgment the Standard of all beſides, he will never find any Body's Works to pleaſe him, except his own; beſides, when the Spirit of Contradiction is once up, tho' there ſhould be no fair room for Criticiſm, yet there will ever be an open Field for Caviling and Raillery: In this profound and merry Age the moſt ſacred Truths are made the frequent Subjects of Banter and Ridicule; and if Religion and Vertue cannot keep Countenance, where ſhall needy Poetry appear? However, there is one Circumſtance which gives me no little Conſolation in publiſhing the following Pieces; moſt of the Hands which they are likely to fall into, are thoſe of my Friends and Acquaintance, whoſe good Nature I have no reaſon to doubt of; their generous Subſcriptions are ſufficient Proofs of their Reſpect to the Author: and here if I did not place a much greater value upon their Friendſhip than the Fame of being an Author, it might ſuggeſt a mortifying Thought to me; to think my Subſcribers have given up their Names, more out of Kindneſs to my Perſon, than any good Opinion of my Works would be ſome Uneaſineſs to me, but that as I ſhall evermore bear the greateſt Eſteem to a ſincere Humanity, and an open ſocial Heart, ſo it gives me the higheſt Pleaſure to think my Subſcribers have ſhewn more Friendſhip to me than Intereſt to themſelves; and if any Thing on this Occaſion dilates my Soul into a kind of Glory, it is to ſee ſo many Names of my Friends together, for as a noble Author writes,

One

One moral, or a meer well-natur'd Deed
Does all Desert in Sciences exceed.

Moreover, I can assure all my Readers, who are not of my Acquaintance, that I am not extravagantly fond of the Pieces in this Book; they were writ occasionally at several distant Times, and most of them when I was little able to correct or judge of what I writ; and they now come abroad with small Emendations, for as to retrench the Faults sufficiently, would be little less than making many of them a-new, so I have neither Inclination nor Patience to perform the Work, especially since it would be to no great Purpose; besides it would be ridiculous to make that the Business of my Years, which was only the Amusement of my Childhood. I do not mention this as an Allegation for what I have done, and the Faults and Inadvertences which I have committed, but only to advertise to the Reader, that he need not apprehend I shall do so any more; and if he finds several Things wrong and trivial, I am now probably of his Opinion, as he perhaps might have been of mine at the Age when I writ them.

Upon the whole, the most that I dare say, is, that I believe no Part of the Performance can possibly be construed to offend against Morality and Vertue; the more serious Pieces contain such Sentiments as I am not ashamed of owning to be what I yet entertain of the Subjects; and the more loose, are (I hope) at least innocent, and can give no Occasion to the most severe Moralist, to reflect upon me as a Man and Member of Society, whatever may be justly said against my Character as an Author and a Poet.

To

To conclude, I ſhall declare for my ſelf in the Words of an admirable Poet (whom I have thrice before quoted in this Preface) that I am

Careleſs of Cenſure, nor too fond of Fame,
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from Faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

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Cum multis aliis.

PART I

Paſtoral Eſſays.

——— hic, ubi denſas
Agricolæ ſtringunt frondes, hic, Mœri, canamus.
VIRGIL.

10

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

PASTORALS.

IF Paſtoral be not of the greateſt and moſt lofty Species of Poetry, yet certainly no kind of Writing can be more natural and eaſy; for it has Nature in it's utmoſt Beauty and Perfection for it's Subject; the Perſons which it introduces ought to come in with uncorrupted Manners, purity of Sentiments, and an unaffected Leiſure upon their Hands; the Scene is always in Woods and Fields, or upon Hills and Mountains, where nothing breaks in upon Contemplation or Tranquility; but every Object ſeems to aſſiſt the Muſes, and ſooth the human Mind into the utmoſt Peace and Melody; and hence it comes that an *Artleſs Simplicity* is ſo eſſential

in

in the Character of Paſtoral Poetry; for as the Perſons who ſing, and are alſo ſuppoſed the Compoſers of the Poem, are *Shepherds*, or People wholly employ'd in rural Affairs, 'tis natural to ſuppoſe them unskill'd in the more publick Buſineſs of Mankind, and without Education in Schools, or Knowledge of the World: We muſt look upon them as plain, innocent, unpractic'd People; and tho' ſeveral ſuch may be eaſily imagin'd wholly ruſtick and unknowing, yet theſe are not to be choſen in this kind of Writing, any more than every publick Man is a fit Perſon to celebrate the Hero in an Epic Poem. There are Men of Genius in all Conditions of Life, and it is only theſe who may reaſonably hope for any juſt and laſting Fame; the Mind of a *Shepherd* ought to be repreſented unlearn'd, but not ignorant, his Manners ſhou'd be unpolite but not rude and barbarous, and his Language unelevated, but not clowniſh.

IT will readily appear from what I have ſaid, that I would not have any Perſon come into Paſtoral Poetry but *a Shepherd of Genius*, one whoſe Sentiments are delicate and true, who has a fine Taſte of natural Purity, who can feel all the Joys that a happy rural Life can beſtow, and in a Word, One, who only wants the Advantages and Opportunities of other Men, to make him their equal.

THIS is indeed my Judgment of this Species of Poetry; and I would no more eſteem a Copy of Verſes to be a Paſtoral, becauſe they handled rural Affairs in an uncouth and ſtrained Manner,

or

or deſcended into low, vulgar Expreſſions, and obſolete Terms, than I ſhould eſteem a Man to be a *Shepherd*, becauſe he had put himſelf into the moſt ſlovenly dreſs of one.

I ſee no Abſurdity in a Shepherd's making Philoſophical Diſquiſitions into Nature, or expatiating amongſt the Stars and celeſtial Worlds, provided he proceed in a Manner that becomes his Character, and not like a Student in Sir *Iſaac Newton*. All natural Phœnomena fall as commonly under the Obſervation of a Country Man, as any other Perſon, and the Deſire of Knowledge is inſeparable from human Nature it ſelf, wherefore it is not only excuſable in Paſtoral Writing to introduce Philoſophy, but really proper and beautiful, if our Swains are kept to making probable Conjectures, and out of Terms of Art.

BUT above all Things next to *Simplicity*, an unfeigned *Innocence and Piety* becomes the Character of a *Shepherd*, and makes the Poem not only delightful but uſeful; as it adds to the Beauty of an eaſy tranquil Life, the Charms of Vertue, and recommends Religion to us in it's native Elegance and Purity. As to the Numbers of a Paſtoral, thoſe Criticks who have made juſt Remarks upon this Sort of Compoſition, tell us, they ought to be the eaſieſt, ſmootheſt, and moſt flowing that can poſſibly be; the Diction pure tho' humble, expreſſive of the utmoſt Delicacy and Paſſion, without any glaring Pomp to ſet it off. They alſo as juſtly obſerve, that a Paſtoral ought not to be too long, Poetry not being the

Bu-

Buſineſs, but only the Diverſion of Shepherds in their leiſure Hours.

How well I have kept to theſe Rules in the following Pieces, I muſt leave my Readers to judge; the firſt ſeven I have preſumed to call Paſtorals, but the eighth extending beyond the true Bounds of a Paſtoral, I have put it under the Title of an Eclogue: The Paraphraſe of *OEnone* to *Paris* I have likewiſe ventur'd as *a Paſtoral Epiſtle*, becauſe I think the Original is properly ſuch; the tenth perhaps is as ſimply a Paſtoral as any of the former, nevertheleſs as the Meaſure is Lyrick, I have made it paſs for a *Paſtoral Ode*.

SPRING.

C.P.R. E. Cooper ex

SPRING.

Paſtoral I.

To Mr. GRUNWIN.

NO WINDSOR-FOREST or the Banks of *Thame*
Inſpire my Muſe, or lift her Voice to Fame;
On Hills remote, the northern Shepherd ſings,
Not leſs Variety, nor fewer Springs;
As many Suns diverſify our Year,
Nor want we Shade or Summer Zephyr here.

Thou,

SPRING.

Thou, whom kind Nature has with Genius bleſt;
Diſtinguiſh'd both for Judgment and for Taſte!
Not prone to blame, nor falſely to commend,
At once a gen'rous Critic, and a Friend;
Accept the lowly Numbers I rehearſe,
To thee, the Muſe preſents this early Verſe.

'TWAS when the Dawn had caſt it's lucid Grey
O'er all the *Eaſt*, and promis'd ſhining Day,
That blithſome DAMON, rouz'd from peaceful Dreams
Of moſſy Fountains, and of ſilvan Scenes,
O'er lofty Hills with various turnings ſtray'd,
Or on his paſt'ral Staff ſupinely weigh'd:
Now o'er his fleecy Charge he caſts his View,
And marks their blended Traces in the Dew;
To freſheſt Paſtures he directs their Way,
And counts, leſt any Wanderer ſhould ſtray.
And now he travels with his Eye below,
Where Shades lie thick, and winding Rivers flow,
Or Plains projected, ſhew their youthful green,
With intermingling Beds of Flowers between.
Charm'd with the Beauties of the blooming Spring,
Thus the rapt Shepherd taught his Muſe to ſing.

O, charm-

O, charming Seaſon! hail, propitious Year!
Kind to the Swain, and proſp'rous to his Care.
No parching Drought diminiſhes the Stream,
Or Rains exceſſive, o'er the Meadows ſwim;
Nor angry Tempeſts gather in the Skies,
Nor Winds above the Strength of Zephyrs riſe;
But genial Gleams, by turns with fruitful Showers,
Call on the Greens to riſe, and ſpread the Flowers;
And while we joyful, view the teeming Soil,
We thank kind Heav'n, for Heav'n is pleas'd to ſmile.

WITH Pleaſure, we the rural Toil renew,
And gen'rous Nature bribes us to purſue;
For no Inclemencies retard our Pains,
But infant Plenty laughs along the Plains:
We view the early Bud and riſing Bloom,
And joyful, deem the fruitful Crop to come.
While with a raviſh'd Heart and thankful Mind,
We ſay, 'tis Heav'n that works, and Heav'n is kind.

SEE, while the riſing Sun diſplays the Morn,
What gay Varieties the Meads adorn;
What charming Colours ſpangle in my View,
Glow with the Day, and glitter in the Dew;

In ſweet Diverſities the Hills ariſe,
And o'er the Plains a bright enamel lies,
All looſely thrown, conſus'dly regular;
Heav'n owns the Works, the Works a Heav'n declare.

HERE Banks, which Winter naked left, and bare,
Now bloom in Flowers, and Verdures riſe up there,
Delightful Buds are by the Bramble born,
And bluſhing Roſes open on the Thorn;
The joyful Husbandman his Orchard ſees,
Where Sheets of Bloſſoms flouriſh o'er his Trees;
Fine Promiſes of golden Fruit to come,
And Heav'n indulgent nouriſhes the Bloom.

SEE, there the purling Streamlet gently flows
A-down the Hills, ſtill ſwelling as it goes;
Now ſtreight, now turn'd, then winding on again,
Viſits each Field, and murmurs thro' the Plain;
While, all along, in blended Scenes, the Flowers,
Grace the long Bank, and dally with the Courſe:
Nature all joy'd, laughs upwards on the Skies,
And Heav'n too pleas'd, returns us Paradiſe.

HARK, how the Woods and Hedges ſeem to vie,
Which ſends the ſweeteſt warbles to the Skie:

With

With the loud Throſtle, there the Copſie rings,
The Black-Bird whiſtles, and the Linnet ſings;
Here the gay Goldfinch chants a pleaſing Strain,
And there the lofty Lark forſakes the Plain.
While Rocks reply, and Hills repeat the Voice,
And Heav'n which gave, receives the grateful Noiſe.

HAIL beauteous Spring! thou ever joyful Scene!
Varied in Flowers, and open'd out in green;
When in theſe Charms thou riſeſt to our Sight,
Our Souls are ſtruck with Wonder and Delight;
On bleaky Winter we reflect no more,
But view with Rapture, what we wiſh'd before.
To ſpeak Heav'n's Power, all Nature's Works conſpire,
And grateful Praiſes fill the gen'ral Choir.

YE blooming Groves, where Zephyrs ſoftly breathe,
Ye Beds of Primroſes which ſhine beneath,
Ye Banks of Vi'lets, Cowſlips on the Plain,
Roſes in Hedges, King-cups on the green,
Birds in the Woods, and Larks upon the Skies,
Say, is't not Spring that makes you all rejoyce?
Does not the Seaſon all thoſe Pleaſures bring?
And Heav'n, indulgent Heaven! ſend you Spring?

SCREEN'D in theſe Shades, O ever let me ſtay!
And ſweetly ſooth a lonely Life away;
Still pleas'd to live, nor fearful of my End,
The Muſes my Companions, Heav'n my Friend.

PARTING.

PARTING.

Paſtoral II.

To Mr. B. AYREY.

DEAR Friend, unbend a-while thy Thoughts, and deign,
To hear the humble Muſick of the Plain.
The ſilvan Muſe, of Daphnis' *parting ſings,*
And tells in lowly Numbers, lowly Things:
Be pleas'd to ſmile upon my rural Lay,
A Smile from AYREY, *will my Pains o'er pay.*

DAPHNIS, a Swain, whom cruel Fate demands
To leave his lofty Hills and furrow'd Lands:
To leave his Hills, but more his *Phebe*, preſt
A load of Grief within his anxious Breaſt.

WHILST on a Bank, ariſing from the Plain,
His Partners ſit, on either Hand the Swain;
But *Phebe* neareſt to the Shepherd plac'd,
Lean'd on his Breaſt, his Arm around her Waiſt;
(Such Freedom, native Innocence allows,
When all the Heart with kind Affection glows.)
Touch'd with a tender Sorrow, thus began
The Swain in mournful Numbers to complain.

MY Dear! to die with thee, would ſurely give,
Not half that Anguiſh, as to part and live;
For what is Life, when ev'ry Pleaſure's fled,
But ſtill a Dying, yet be never dead?
Ah me! it muſt be done, why lingers more,
My fooliſh Heart? this Parting muſt be o'er;
Then follows Abſence. —— Now methinks I rove
O'er Hills unknown, and mourn my hapleſs Love;
Or laid alone within ſome joyleſs Shade,
My Fancy figures out my diſtant Maid.

WHILE thus I dream, I ſee ſome happier Swain,
Claſp the dear Fair, while ſorrowful I plain;
Daphnis forgot, and *Phebe* turns unkind,
And all her plighted Vows reſolve in Wind.
O never let me know that hapleſs Morn,
Firſt let me die and never more return!
'Mongſt hoſpitable Strangers be my Fall,
Not mourn'd by any, and forgot by all!

WHAT have I ſaid? O why ſhould jealous Fears,
Diſturb my Breaſt, and fill my Eyes with Tears?
I know my *Phebe* (lovely as the Flowers,
Bright Gleams diſplay, between ſoft *April* Showers)
Is fill'd with Innocence, and Faith, and Truth,
As fix'd as Age, tho' full of charming Youth;
O ſhe's all Goodneſs, as ſhe is all fair,
Joy of my Days, and Comfort of my Care!
Tho' now we part, yet we ſhall meet again,
And double Joys atone for ev'ry Pain.
Like as in Fields o'ercharg'd with conſtant Show'rs,
Hangs down the Graſs, and droop the weary Flow'rs;
But when the Miſts and Clouds diſpers'd in Streams,
Let down the Sun-ſhine, and reflect his Beams,

Riſes the Graſs, and open out the Flowers,
The Sun more welcome, and a Bliſs the Showers.
So we, when once we ſee this Abſence o'er,
Shall meet more Joy, than e'er we met before;
Our joining Breaſts a keener Bliſs ſhall fill,
A warmer Rapture and a fiercer Thrill;
Each will be newer to each other's Sight,
And ev'ry Pain will introduce Delight.
FLY ſwift ye Minutes, bring that happy Hour,
Which *Daphnis* unto *Phebe* ſhall reſtore;
O how I long to ſee that Moment nigh,
When raviſh'd all, in *Phebe*'s Arms I lie,
And ſoftly tell the Thoughts which Abſence rais'd,
How oft I ſigh'd her Name, how much I prais'd:
How many Times my Proſtrate Soul did move
In ardent Prayers to ev'ry Power above,
To guard my Charmer, and preſerve my Fair
From ev'ry Ill, and each deluding Snare.
AND *Phebe* in her turn, with melting Glee,
Shall ſweetly ſay whate'er ſhe thought of me:
While Kiſſes, ſoft as Kindneſs can prepare,
Thoſe Lips which tell the pretty Tale, ſhall ſhare.

The Thought of that dear Day revives my Heart,
Nor dread I Abſence, nor I mourn to part.
But when I'm gone, ye Swains who bear the Crook,
Or climb the Hills, or wander by the Brook,
If ever in your Thoughts I claim'd a Share,
Or juſtly you the Name of Friendſhip bear:
If ever to my Tales you've merry made,
Or danc'd, or liſten'd to the Tunes I play'd,
If ever I have any Kindneſs ſhow'd,
Or ſtep'd aſide to do my Neighbour good:
If e'er to help amongſt your Flocks I've come,
Or ſav'd a Sheep, or brought a Stragler home;
Let not thoſe grateful Turns be ſet at nought,
But bear them ſtill, when I am gone, in Thought,
And let each grateful Swain recal to Mind,
That I have left my nearer ſelf behind;
Shew Favour to this dear, this charming Maid,
My beſt belov'd, and *Daphnis* is o'er pay'd.
Or, if the Plain, or riſing Hill ſhe tread,
Walk thro' the Wood, or ſhine along the Mead,
Or on ſome flow'ry Bed ſhe take her Reſt,
Or gently lean upon the Bank, her Breaſt;

Shepherds attend, and keep her ſafe from Ill,
Be ever near her, and be ready ſtill.
TIME calls away, and *Daphnis* muſt remove,
Farewel Companions, and adieu —— my Love.

THE

THE PENSIVE SWAIN.

Paſtoral III.

To Mr. I. HARRISON.

ATTEND me, Harriſon, while I rehearſe
A penſive Shepherd's Plaints in humble Verſe,
Begin, my Muſe! whilſt Harriſon attends,
The beſt good-natur'd Man, and beſt of Friends;
Nor doubt his gen'rous Temper will refuſe
To ſmile on thee, for ſtill he loves the Muſe.

THE

THE weſtern Clouds in golden Borders ſhone,
And half in Ocean dip'd, appear'd the Sun;
Kind was the Seaſon, and the Evening cool,
And all was calm and gay, but *Dolon*'s Soul,
A chearleſs Swain, within a lonely Glade,
'Gainſt *Silvia*'s Cruelty he thus inveigh'd;
While with his Verſe each Grot around him rung,
And Hills gave back the Burthen of his Song.

NOW comes the ſofteſt Seaſon of the Year,
Delightſome Ev'nings, and a balmy Air;
See, beauteous Nature in her Charms ariſe,
Fine flow'ry Fields, and bright indulgent Skies;
The Woods ſhoot out in Leaves, the Graſs in Bloom,
And tender Zephyrs ſteal the ſweet perfume;
The Birds exult, while Hills and Plains reply,
And all Things feel the Joys of Love but I.

THE Sun returning, ſheds his genial Beams,
And makes the Earth relent, and warms the Streams;
And as his vital Influences flow,
The joyful Glebe confeſſes them below;
What bloom in Field, in Park, in Wood and Grove,
Are all the bliſsful Progeny of Love.

The happy Time is known in Earth and Skie,
And all Things feel the Joys of Love but I.

THE Honey-ſuckle round the Hawthorn twines,
The Hawthorn with the Honey-ſuckle joyns:
While on the Bud the am'rous Zephyr Blows,
It heaves and ſwells, and burſts into a Roſe,
And as it burſts, a Flood of Fragrance flows.
The blooming Groves a flowry Gleam diſplay,
That adds unto the Brightneſs of the Day;
While thoſe to theſe, in balmy Breezes ſigh,
And all Things feel the Joys of Love but I.

THE little Birds, in Pairs and am'rous Play,
Court thro' the Wood, or bill upon the Spray.
See, perch'd on high, there ſits the Turtle Dove,
And ſpreads his Plumes and cooes about his Love;
While ſhe with all the Softneſs of a Bride,
Melts to his Song, and leans againſt his Side.
All Nature ſeems in Scenes of Love to vie,
And all Things feel it's bliſsful Joys but I.

AND muſt I ſtill this lonely Thing remain,
Condemn'd forever to implore in Vain?
Ah cruel *Silvia!* can there nought remove
Thy ſettled Scorn, and bend thy Heart to love?

What

What is my Crime, O fair Relentleſs! tell;
Whoſe greateſt Fault is loving thee too well?
If that's a Fault, dear *Silvia!* tell me why?
For all Things feel the Joys of Love but I.

WHILE I conſume amidſt thy Frowns and Scorn,
There nothing pleaſes, Ev'ning, Noon, or Morn;
Nor all the Meads, nor all their balmy Stores,
Nor Groves, tho' fill'd with Muſick and with Flow'rs;
In vain their Fragrance, Zephyrs breathe in vain,
They cannot cure, or ſooth a Lover's Pain;
There nought delights my Smell, my Ear, or Eye,
While all Things feel the Joys of Love but I.

BUT ſhould'ſt thou ſmile, all Nature wou'd revive,
To *Dolon*'s Soul, and doubly be alive;
In ſweeter Notes the warbling Choir would ſing,
The Spring grow fairer, and be more than Spring.
A freſher Spirit all the World improve,
And all Things riſe in Bliſs, in Life, and Love.
Then come my *Silvia*, to my Breaſt come nigh!
For all Things feel the Joys of Love but I.

WHAT holds my Dear from coming to theſe Arms?
What *Pow'r* ill-fated, ſtill detains thy Charms?

Come,

Come, bring one Glance of thy deluding Eyes,
For while thou ſtay'ſt, thy wretched *Dolon* dies!
Ah! wilt thou triumph in my lateſt Breath,
Can Pleaſure find thee in a Lover's Death?
If ſo, to pleaſe her, Heavens, let me die!
And all Things feel the Joys of Love but I.

Thus ſung the penſive Swain his mournful Lay,
Here ceas'd his Song, and with his Song, the Day.

THE COMPLAINT.

Paſtoral IV.

To Mr. T. STRICKLAND.

AS down-caſt *Thyrſis*, hapleſs in his Love,
Lean'd o'er a Stream which ſcarce appear'd to move;
And view'd the fading Beauties of his Face,
Within the Mirrour of the liquid Glaſs.
In the deep Anguiſh of his Heart he mourn'd,
And Rocks, and Woods, and Hills, his Voice return'd.

While

While Autumn-Zephyrs, bade the Flow'rs to fade,
Breath'd deadneſs o'er the Graſs and brown'd the Shade,
The wither'd Verdures ſcatter'd from the Wood,
And floated ſlowly down the ſilent Flood.

Thou, whom the Muſes with their Art inſpire,
Soft melting Numbers, and a flowing Fire;
Whoſe Wit not ſtrikes us with a ſhort-liv'd Flame,
But always Charms, and always is the ſame.
Hark, while the Muſe rehearſes Thyrſis' *Song,*
Which thus in wailing Accents left his Tongue.

ALAS, ſad Youth! how art thou chang'd of late,
Too near Reſemblance of thy wretched Fate!
Oft o'er this Brook have I thoſe Features ſeen,
Bloom in full Youth, and pleaſant Smile the Mein;
A chearful Gladneſs dawn'd within theſe Eyes,
And that ſame Brow ſerene as cloudleſs Skies;
Ah me! my *Blowſabella* then was kind,
Nor fear'd my Heart, nor jealous was my Mind.

BUT ſince the Nymph, unjuſt, and faithleſs grown,
Gave *Strephon*, what is due to me alone;
Forlorn, forſaken, by the perjur'd Maid,
My bloom decays, and Youth begins to fade;

Dull Melancholy ſits upon my Face,
Lowrs in my Brow, and blots out ev'ry Grace;
My charming *Blowſabella* turns unkind,
Grief wrings my Heart, and bitter ſinks my Mind.

ONCE I with *Blowſabella* ſpent my Days,
Or told her Tales, or charm'd her with my Lays;
With Rapture on her Shepherd's Arm ſhe hung,
And Swains all liſt'ning crouded to my Song;
Rapt to the Heart, their nimble Feet were ſeen,
To ſhift in ſprightly Dance, and trip the Green;
Pleas'd with my Numbers, ev'n the ancient gaz'd,
And heard with Wonder, and with ~~with~~ Rapture prais'd.

THEN each new Day was pleaſant to my View,
My Heart all bleſt, nor what was tedious knew:
The golden Minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
Nor thought I they were long, nor wiſh'd their Stay;
For each new Moment, brought as new delight,
Thus Morning ſlid to Noon, and Noon to Night;
By Night I ſought not kind repoſe in Vain,
'Till Morn all pleaſant brought the Day again.
But now forlorn, I ſolitary rove,
And lonely ſeek ſome unfrequented Grove;

Where

Where 'midſt a Wood obſcure, or thicken'd Shade,
From Sight of Swains and perjur'd Nymphs convey'd,
I teach the Flute, or rural Reed to mourn,
And give the Notes a ſtrange unuſual turn;
The cruel Ragings of my Mind to eaſe,
But all in vain, not Muſick's ſelf can pleaſe.

DULL Time appears with lagging Wings to ſpeed,
And the ſlow Sun moves idly o'er my Head;
Nor Morn, nor Noon, nor ſoft approach of Night,
Aſſuage my Grief, or pleaſing Reſt invite.
A Moment ſeems an Hour, an Hour a Day;
Each Day a tedious tireſome Week to ſtay;
Each Week the length of any Month appears;
And Months trail on in long continued Years.

HIS Flocks, while *Thyrſis* tended blithe and gay,
Friſk'd o'er the Fields, and wanton'd in their Play;
A lovelier Charge, not drove another Swain,
Pride of the Hills, and faireſt on the Plain;
But now neglected, they unheeded bleat,
O'er barren Lawns, nor find freſh Greens to eat;
By Briers and Brambles all their Fleeces torn,
Hang on the Hedge, and blend amongſt the Thorn.

SEE Nature's ſelf appears to joyn my Woe;
So fade her Joys, her Beauties vaniſh ſo;
Left by the Sun, his Abſence ſhe deplores,
Nor keeps her Greens alive, nor chears her Flow'rs;
Yet *Phœbus* will return again, and bring,
A bliſsful Seaſon, and renew the Spring:
But *Blowſabella* will no more return,
And *Thyrſis* muſt an endleſs Winter mourn.

ALAS! to Hills and Mountains I complain;
Yet not to Hills and Mountains, all in vain;
Tho' theſe are Senſeleſs, they ſhall hear my Song,
And Woods and Rocks ſtand Judges of my Wrong;
The Woods were call'd to witneſs to our Love;
And ſolemn Vows were made in ev'ry Grove;
Nor Woods and Groves record our Loves alone,
Our Vows and Promiſes to Heav'n are known;
And tho' falſe *Blowſabella*'s Mem'ry fail,
So does not Heav'n, but Heav'n remembers all.

NOR think, O *Strephon*, that thy wealthy Store,
Which brib'd a Nymph to break thoſe Oaths ſhe ſwore,
Which made thee happy at another's Coſt,
And only bought that Bleſſing which I loſt

Can

Can bribe the Pow'r which weighs our Deeds above,
To be unjuſt, or pardon perjur'd Love:
If Peace thou ſeek'ſt, be juſt to Mortals here,
And dread juſt Heav'n, and future Anguiſh fear.

Thus *Thyrſis* plain'd, but now began to lowr,
The thicken'd Air, and labour'd with a Show'r,
To ſhun th' impending Cloud, he ſped away,
And ceas'd, the mournful Echoes of his Lay.

FRIENDSHIP.

Paſtoral V.

To Mr. P. TYZACK.

TWO youthful Swains, in ſilvan Shades retir'd,
Both Friendſhip warm'd, and both the Muſe inſpir'd,
Long Time had *Damon*, *Strephon*'s abſence born,
As long had *Strephon* languiſh'd to return:
Both lately met, their Friendſhip they rehearſe,
In rural Song, and in alternate Verſe.
To thee, dear TYZACK *I repeat their Lays,*
More fond of thy Eſteem, than publick Praiſe.

When

When Friendſhip is the Theme that I purſue,
The Theme and Song are both to TYZACK *due;*
And if this Verſe he judges not in vain,
Then all the Bays are mine, I ſeek to gain.

DAMON.

WHAT Joy, what Pleaſure now revives to me!
Since I once more have found (dear *Strephon!*) thee;
In ev'ry Shade a new Delight appears,
And ev'ry flow'ry Field new Beauties wears;
Freſh dawns of Life my raviſh'd Boſom knows,
While all Things a new Heav'n of Joy diſcloſe.

STREPHON.

How much was I, to leave the Country, croſt!
I daily languiſh'd for the Plains I loſt;
Yet ev'n the Plains no Pleaſure give to me,
Except I tend the bleating Flocks with thee:
But ev'ry Place has Charms, if *Damon*'s there,
And Joy and Pleaſure bloom thro' all the Year.

DAMON.

WHAT Shepherd knows not that I love to play
On various Reeds, and waſte in Songs the Day?

For

For while with thee, no Summer-day was known,
But Muſick welcom'd and adieu'd the Sun.
But ſince from thee in lonely Fields I ſtray'd,
No Songs were ſung, nor rural Pipes were play'd.

STREPHON.

OFT have I ſat, and liſten'd to thy Song,
Nor thought I once, the pleaſing Time was long;
As oft the Muſick of thy Pipe has held
Me charm'd, unable to forſake the Field;
But ſince I knew no blithſome *Damon* near,
No Song has pleas'd, nor Pipe has charm'd mine Ear.

DAMON.

A Hill there is, to ev'ry Shepherd known,
Where Trees ariſe, and Streams fall purling down;
'Twas all Delight and Pleaſure, while with thee,
I trac'd its flowery Banks from Tree to Tree;
But ſince you left me, ſtript of all, it ſeems;
Nor Trees Delight, nor pleaſe, the purling Streams.

STREPHON.

OFT, as I walk'd the Town, and caſt mine Eyes
Where proud *Auguſta*'s glitt'ring Turrets riſe;

I ſigh'd

I ſigh'd, and ſoftly ſaid, I'd rather ſee
An homely Cottage, or a ſhady Tree,
Than all the Pomp, *Auguſta*'s Turrets wear,
They're all a Torment, *Damon* is not here.

DAMON.

How rich the Feaſt did ſeem, nay more than ſeem
When Strawb'rries roll'd in plentious Cups of Cream.
What merry Hours each Winter Ev'ning bleſt,
When Nuts were crack'd, with many a witty Jeſt!
Depriv'd of *Strephon*, I'm depriv'd of theſe,
Nor Nuts, nor witty Jeſts, nor Berries pleaſe.

STREPHON.

In Stalls, when I have ſeen the Basket bear
The Ruſſet-Apple, or the Gold-Knop-Pear:
My Thoughts have then recall'd, how oft with you,
I found theſe grateful in the Place they grew;
But ſince with *Damon* I was bleſt no more,
I taſted theſe, but found them mean and ſour.

DAMON.

And wilt thou take the Shepherd's Crook again,
And tend on Flocks, and leave no more the Plain?

If

If ſo, let ſurly *Hylas* boaſt to keep,
Of Goats, four hundred, and a thouſand Sheep:
I envy not the Wealth, his Paſtures bear,
But bleſt with *Strephon*, I am happier far.

STREPHON.

BELIEVE me, *Damon*, I will leave no more,
Theſe Fields, ſo known, ſo lov'd by me before,
Bright golden Days of Joy, devolve again,
And Scenes of long Delight, if Life remain;
Since I once more have found theſe Shades and you,
I gladly bid the buſy World adieu.

DAMON.

THEN ſhall theſe Hills again repeat my Lays,
And Rocks give back the Tune, as *Damon* plays.
Bright Summer Suns ſhall chear my Heart again,
And Harveſts bleſs me with their ripen'd Grain.
Forlorn, from *Strephon*, theſe no more can pleaſe,
But bleſs'd with him, I then enjoy all theſe.

STREPHON.

BEGIN then *Damon*, raiſe the tuneful Strain,
And call the Mountain-Shepherds to the Plain;

The

The Plain ſhall with the grateful Notes rejoice,
And Woods repeat, and Mountains join the Voice,
The Voice this welcome News to Swains ſhall bring,
'Tis *Damon*'s Song, and *Strephon* hears him ſing.

THE

THE

LETTER.

Paſtoral VI.

THERE is a Rock, whoſe ſolitary Brow,
Is dark with melancholly Shades of Yew;
Thro' theſe, the Winds in hollow murmurs blow,
And beat, with ſolemn Sounds, the Caves below.
Fit Place for Contemplation, or for Care,
To lift the Soul, or pour out ſad Deſpair!

And

And here lay *Collin*, hapleſs Swain! alone,
And ſcribled out this LETTER on a Stone.

" O charming Nymph, whom once I durſt call mine,
" When thou as fondly nam'd me to be thine;
" And tho' no more for mine thou ſhalt be known,
" Yet I will ſtill be thine, and thine alone;
" And, faithleſs Woman! tho' I ſpeak in vain,
" And ſigh to Winds, yet will I ſtill complain;
" The Winds to Woods, my ſad Complaints ſhall bear,
" And ev'ry Grot thy perjur'd Faith ſhall hear;
" Ev'n flinty Rocks ſhall ſoftly join my Moan,
" And Streams, my Plaints remurmur, as they run.
" O cruel, fair, perfidious Charmer, ſay!
" What Object ſteals thy wand'ring Heart away?
" O ſay what happier Lover now enjoys
" Thy faithleſs Breaſt, and fills thy fraudful Eyes!
" Of what ſuperior Charms is he poſſeſt,
" That *Colin*'s fall is doom'd, to make him bleſt?
" Is he more fond, more paſſionate than I?
" Or can he finer Charms in thee deſcry?
" Does he new Views of beauteous Scenes explore,
" Unknown, unfelt, by *Colin*'s Soul before?

" Elſe,

" Elſe, what ſo far your fickle Mind could move,
" To break all Vows, and violate all Love?
" Ah me! what Pangs thro' all my vitals dart!
" Oh! I could tear my fond believing Heart!
" That thought you'd ſtill be ſoft, and kind, and true,
" Nor fear'd to find a perjur'd Soul in you;
" Such tender looks and dear deluding Mein,
" Beſpoke you all an Angel's Truth within.
" CAN you forget that tender Time now paſt?
" When round my Neck your circling Arms you caſt,
" When (touch'd with ſomething that foretold my Pain)
" My Heart the heavy Grief could ſcarce ſuſtain;
" Your melting Words ſubdu'd my riſing Fears,
" And your deluding Kiſſes ſtop'd my Tears;
" With promis'd Faith you charm'd me into Joy,
" Ah then I thought no Swain ſo bleſt as I!
" But O the diſmal Change! my Joys are fled,
" And ſullen, now I wander thro' the Glade.
" In vain, each friendly Shepherd would divert,
" With Songs, the ſad Diſorder of my Heart;
" Without Delight, their tuneful Lays I hear,
" The warbling Flute as idly ſtrikes mine Ear;

Ev'n

" Ev'n joyleſs riſe the Verdures of the Plain,
" And Roſes blow, and Lillies ſpring in vain:
" From Songs, from Flowers, and ev'ry Thing to bleſs,
" I ſickly fly, and ſeek this lone Receſs;
" Where rocky Caverns, frightful yawn around,
" And Shades combining, darken all the Ground.
" Forever here, forſaken, I'll complain,
" Tho' all my Wailings and my Moans be vain;
" For ne'er another Miſtreſs can remove
" My Heart from you, or change my faithful Love.
" For you, I all the Sex beſides forgo,
" Tho' by that Deed I run on certain woe:
" And never ſhall my Mem'ry loſe that Time,
" When claſp'd within your Arms, and you in mine,
" I took the laſt adieu, and all my Breaſt,
" Throbs, Thrillings, Pangs, and Agonies poſſeſt;
" My Heart deſtracted 'midſt a thouſand Fears,
" Swell'd to my Eyes, and melted out in Tears;
" My trembling Limbs could ſcarce my Weight ſuſtain,
" And Life ſurpriz'd, ſtood pauſing with the Pain.
" Think then, O Falſe! how in that ſad adieu,
" You graſp'd with me, and promis'd to be true!

Heav'n

" Heav'n heard your Vows, as from your Lips they
[paſt,
" And Heav'n will certainly be juſt at laſt.

A B-

ABSENCE.

Paſtoral VII.

Extracted from the CANTICLES.

——— Paulò majora canamus. VIRG. Ec. 4.

BEGIN my rural Muſe a loftier Strain,
Sublimer lift the Muſick of the Plain;
The Theme commands. I ſing the [*Spouſe* (of old,
In Song inſpir'd, and ſacred Numbers [told.)
All plaintive laid in *Sharon*'s flow'ry Grove,
Thus moan'd in Abſence, and proclaim'd her love:

And as ſhe mourn'd, the Winds forgot to blow,
The Birds to warble, and the Streams to flow:
All Nature huſh'd, and all Attention grown,
Repeated not one Echoe of it's own;
But catching at the ſoft dejected Song,
Reſponds aloud theſe Words of *Sponſa*'s Tongue.

* *How long delightleſs, muſt I mourn thy Stay,*
Relieve my Pains, ariſe, and come away.

† Behold, the bleaky Time of Winter's paſt,
Nor darkſome Clouds the troubl'd Skies o'ercaſt:
Th' indulgent Seaſon ſhows the youthful Year,
And gives a warmer Breeze, and ſweeter Air;
The Fields begin to ſhine in Bloom again,
And Birds exult, and dawning Bliſs proclaim,
All Nature raviſh'd, ſeems with Joy to ſing,
And hail the ſweet return of flow'ry Spring:
In ev'ry wavy Wood, and ſhady Grove,
We hear an am'rous Turtle court his Love;
In mutt'ring Notes he pays his melting Vows,
And bills his Mate, who anſwers him in Cooes.

The

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* C. 2. ℣ 10. † C. 2. ℣ 11, 12, 13.

The Fig-Trees here a wealthy Load diſplay,
The waxing Fruit enlarges ev'ry Day:
And there, the Grapes in luſcious Cluſters ſwell.
Their ſweet Effluvia waft a grateful Smell.
How long delightleſs, muſt I mourn thy Stay?
Relieve my Pains, ariſe, and come away:
WHILE thou art abſent, ev'ry Thing to pleaſe,
Not once enlivens Health, but turns Diſeaſe.
All Day in ſad and ſolemn Tears I mourn,
And wiſh (I know not why) for Night's return.
* By Night, kind Reſt, and Sleep's embraces fled,
And weary with my ſolitary Bed,
I riſe, and walk the Melancholy gloom,
(Sad as my Soul, and chearleſs as my Doom)
There ſeek thy Face, and ev'ry Place explore
Where I have known thy Company before:
In what Receſs, obſcurely doſt thou lie?
I call aloud, but empty Winds reply.
How long delightleſs, muſt I mourn thy ſtay?
Relieve my Pains, ariſe, and come away.

* C 3. ℣ 1.

O might theſe fragrant Scenes, ſo lov'd by thee,
Invite thee to return, ſo lov'd by me!
† Ye Winds, to leave the North, your Pinions try,
And from the ſofter South in Whiſpers fly;
Come breathe along theſe Gardens, Groves, and Greens,
And bathe each flow'ry Plant in od'rous Streams;
Ye balmy Gales of Air, ye Zephyrs blow!
And court the Floods of mellow'd Spice to flow;
That he, my chiefeſt Joy, may deign to come,
To taſte the Fruit, and ſmell the fragrant Bloom:
The ripen'd Juices ſhall invite his Taſte,
Prolong his Stay, and make his *Sponſa* bleſt.
O thou the deareſt of my tendreſt Part,
Pride of my Soul, and Glory of my Heart!
How long delightleſs, muſt I mourn thy ſtay?
Relieve my Pains, ariſe, and come away.
Ah! When ſhall I again thy Preſence find,
More lovely, and more lov'd, than all Mankind?
* As barren, worthleſs Foreſt-trees appear,
When the full golden Apple-tree is near.

Such,

† C. 4. ℣ 16. * C. 2. ℣ 3.

Such, looks the Herd of all Mankind to me,
And ſuch the faireſt Youths, compar'd with thee.
* Not *Lebanon*, with Cedars cover'd o'er,
In great exalted Beauties, charms us more;
And yet in thee, the mildeſt Glories ſhine,
† Nor has the Dove a kinder Eye than thine.
Such thou, the Feeder of my tender Fires,
The ſacred Object of my Soul's deſires!
How long delightleſs, muſt I mourn thy Stay?
Relieve my Pains, ariſe, and come away.
‡ WHILE I with thee enjoy'd the breezy Shade,
And tufted Greens, and Flow'rs adorn'd the Bed:
On golden Boughs was cluſter'd mellow'd Fruit,
That bow'd the Branch, and glow'd beneath the Shoot:
O pleaſant Fruit of more than mortal Taſte!
O Feaſt cœleſtial! O divine Repaſt!
‖ Let me forever on thy Boſom reſt,
Stamp'd on thy Heart, and ſeal'd within thy Breaſt!
There nothing can deſtroy what Love inſpires;
Nor Waves, nor Floods can quench th' eternal Fires:

* C. 5. ℣ 15. † C. 5. ℣ 12. ‡ C. 2. ℣ 3. ‖ C. 8. ℣ 6.

Love knows no Age, but full immortal Prime,
Nor waxes feebler in th' immenſe of Time;
I feel it here, O come! my Vitals ſtay,
Or elſe I faint, or elſe I die away.
* O ſtay my Spirits with cœleſtial Wine,
And give the Comforts of thy Fruit divine!
From my faint Heart this preſſing Care remove,
And raiſe my Soul that ſickly ſinks in Love!
How long delightleſs, muſt I mourn thy ſtay?
Relieve my Pains, ariſe, and come away,
Ah! ſure his Voice I hear, or elſe I dream;
It muſt be his, for none can mimick him.
See, where he comes! not ſwifter flies the Hind;
Skim back, the Hills; and Mountains roul behind.
No more delightleſs, ſhall I mourn his ſtay,
My Pains are now reliev'd, he comes away.

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* C. 2. ℣. 5. † C. 2. ℣. 8, & 9.

COUN-

COUNTRY-LIFE.

An Eclogue.

To Mr. ROTHERAM.

Tantus amor terræ ——— VIRG.

TO you, whose Mind with ev'ry Art's endow'd,
Learn'd, and polite, and wise, and just, and good;
Not only form'd t'instruct us, both to please,
With Strength to vanquish, or to charm with Ease.

To you, the Muſe, ambitious in her Choice,
Lifts up her rural Song, and tunes her Voice;
And if you deign a friendly Smile to ſhow,
† Tho' low my Verſe, my Glory is not ſo.

The happy Swain, who lives on homely Fare,
Serene his Days, and quiet is his Care.
Tho' hid from Fame, yet he's remote from Strife,
Feels all the Bleſſings, and the Joys of Life;
Gluts not on Feaſts, nor Nods, o'er Fumes of Wine,
But drinks the gen'rous Tribute of his Kine;
* Or temp'rate feeds on Meat and eats the Bread,
His Hands did ſow, and his own Cloſes fed:
Pleas'd with the Plenty Providence has ſent,
He thanks the Pow'rs above, and is content.

His Limbs repoſe not on the downy Bed,
Nor painted Figures ſhine above his Head;
But nightly Reſt in lowly Cots he takes,
Unbroke his Slumbers, and ſerene he wakes,
When the bright Day-Star, by Aurora driven,
Flames thro' the Concave of the eaſtern Heav'n;

The

† *In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.* VIRG.
* *Cœna brevis juvat.* —— HOR.

The feather'd Songſters fill the morning Skies,
With echoing Notes, and call the Swain to riſe;
With Pleaſure he obſerves the joyful Sound,
And leaves his rural Shed, and walks his Ground;
* Here he beholds his ſpacious Oxen feed;
And there his Kine are grazing on the Mead;
And here his fleecy Flocks command his Eye;
He ſees, and as he ſees, exults with Joy;
While Herbs, or Flow'rs, or Fruit, his Senſe regale,
With balmy Airs, that leave him ſtrong and hale:
This makes his daily Labours paſs with eaſe,
And ev'n the worſt of rural Hardſhips pleaſe.
In verdant Fields he cheats his Time away,
On Wings more bright, more ſweet, more ſoft than they.
Each Day, new Beauties charm his wond'ring Sight,
And each new Beauty gives as new Delight;
In SPRING he views the blended Glories riſe,
Which ev'ry Day more blended ſtrike his Eyes,
The SUMMER-Sun the rip'ning Fruit diſplays,
And paints the various Fruit as various ways.

De-

* *Proſpectat errantes greges.* —— HOR.

Delicious AUTUMN finds a rich repaſt,
And various Pleaſure gives, in various Taſte.
Nor WINTER's ſelf's to ſcenes of Pleaſure loſt,
But varies Charms in various Works of Froſt.

NOW with his Plough he turns the furrow'd Land,
Or throws the future Harveſt from his Hand:
* Or prunes his Trees, or teaches Grafts to grow,
And bids the Crab with golden Apples glow:
Ev'n aged Trees which ſcarce alive remain,
His skilful Hand renews to Life again;
New Ranks of Boughs he teaches them to wear,
And be once more the Glory of the Year.

AND now he cuts the Honours of the Plain,
And gath'ring in his Loads of ripen'd Grain,
He joys to ſee his Labour back has told,
Or thirty, ſixty, or an hundred Fold.
† And now he ſhakes the bending Trees, which bear
The reden'd Apple, and the mellow'd Pear.
‡ Or takes his Bees, and from the wealthy Dome,
Bears Floods of Honey in the golden Comb.

|| THUS

* *Inutileſq; falce ramos amputans.*
Feliciores inſerit: HOR.
† *Ut gaudet inſitiva decerpens pyra,* Idem.
‡ *Aut preſſa puris mella condit amphoris.* Idem.

‖ THUS joyful come his Days, and calmly go,
And what's his Labour's his Diverſion too;
Whilſt unperceiv'd, old Age comes gently on,
He lives unenvy'd, and he envies none:
When Death draws near, he joyful meets his Doom,
Nor dreads a ſep'rate State in World's to come.
O happy Life! * ſuch bliſsful Years were told,
When Time ſlid o'er on eaſy Wings of Gold:
Ere yellow Metal learn'd in Fires to flow,
Or flaming Stones were taught in Crowns to glow:
When faithful Pairs in Grottos told their Loves,
And Shades gave Laws, and Courts were held in Groves.
Hail happy Hills and Plains! you ſtill appear
The ſame, and yet the golden Age is here.
† THE ſacred Muſes, who my Soul inſpire,
With pleaſing Dreams and ſweet poetick Fire,
Invite my Genius to your rural Scenes,
And warm my Breaſt in Views of bow'ry Greens.

Me-

‖ *Hinc anni labor.* VIRG.
* *Aurens hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.* Idem.
† *Me vero primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,*
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant. Idem.

Methinks I'm laid upon the ſpangled Ground,
And Zephirs waft, and Fragrance breathes around.
Here while beneath the ſpreading Pine I lie,
And Raptures, warm from Nature's Hand enjoy;
I envy not the Great their Pomp and Show,
While Flatt'rers Praiſe, and Vulgar gaze below:
Nor with the Merchant would I riſque my Peace
Expos'd to Tempeſts and the dang'rous Seas.
O give me Shades, and let me live retir'd,
Where Truth's belov'd, and Virtue is admir'd!
* Where Hearts are honeſt, Innocence is pure,
And ſmiling Health and Peace repoſe ſecure!
No anxious Thoughts ſhall there my Hours moleſt,
Or vexing Cares ſit heavy on my Breaſt:
Nor midnight Revels call abroad my Soul,
To ſate in Cups, or ſwill the mad'ning Bowl.
WHILE raptur'd on the flow'ry Bank I lie,
And o'er the Works of Nature caſt mine Eye;
Unnumber'd Beauties there my Soul ſhall find,
And from them paint their Author to my Mind:

Here

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* *Et neſcia fallere vita,* VIRG.

Here Meadows clad in green, there ſhady Bow'rs,
Here glow the Bloſſoms, and there ſpread the Flow'rs;
Here Trees and Hedges compaſs in the Field,
And there large Woods a pleaſing Proſpect yield.
* Nor will the lone Receſs, the ſolemn Grot,
Or pleaſe me leſs, or leſs improve my Thought:
There ſeated ſilent on a rugged Stone,
Shagg'd o'er with Heath, and thick with Moſs o'er grown,
Where ſhatter'd Rocks an awful Scene compoſe,
And darkſome Hollies wave upon their Brows;
† Where chryſtal Streams from bubbling Fountains flow
Fall tinkling down the Hills, and purl below:
Pleas'd with the Proſpect, I ſhall ſit ſerene,
View the grey Craggs, brown Hills, and Mountains [green;
And as each Object ſtrikes upon mine Eyes,
My Soul ſhall ſwell, my Contemplations riſe:
‡ Or backward from th' Effect, explore the Cauſe,
Or praiſe the Pow'r, which gave the World it's Laws;

Why

---

* *Ego laudo ruris amœni.*
Rivos & muſco circumlita ſaxa, nemuſque. HOR.
† *Fonteſque lymphis obſtrepunt manantibus,* Idem.
‡ *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere Cauſas,* VIRG.

Why Springs are found upon the barren Hill,
From Cliffs of Rocks, why gliding Streams diſtil;
Why Sops of Miſt which gather from the Plain,
And climb the Hills, ſhould promiſe Drops of Rain;
Why Clouds ſhould flit on high, or roll below;
And what it is that paints the various Bow.
Why Morning grey, and Ev'ning ſtreak'd with red,
Should tell the Swain fair Weather will ſucceed.
Whence Thunder breeds, why labours in the Skie,
Whence breaks the Roar, and whence the Lightnings fly.
And why the Sun, or ſhort, or longer ſhines,
And why the Seaſons change as he declines.
Or why the Moon ſhould gild the Shades of Night,
With ſhining Horns, or a full Orb of Light;
Why liquid Streams the Pow'r of Froſt obey,
Or Ice before the Fire ſhould melt away.
When in theſe Searches ſhould my Soul be toſt,
And in the pleaſing Labyrinths be loſt;
Thence ſhould ſhe learn her own Defects to know,
And whence the Joys of her Exiſtence flow:
The wond'rous Source ſhould teach her to admire,
Enlarge her Thoughts, and lift the Muſe's Fire;

The rapt'rous Ken ſhould bid my Numbers riſe,
And leave the Earth, and range above the Skies.

ŒNONE

ŒNONE to PARIS.

A

Paſtoral Epiſtle;

PARAPHRAS'D from *OVID.*

The Argument.

HECUBA (the Wife of Priam *King of* Troy) *being with Child (afterwards call'd* PARIS) *dreamed ſhe was deliver'd of a Firebrand:* PRIAM *conſulting the Oracle thereupon, was anſwer'd, The Child ſhould be the Cauſe of the Deſtruction of* Troy; *wherefore* PRIAM *commanded it ſhould be deliver'd to wild Beaſts aſſoon as born; but* HECUBA, *(mov'd with the natural Affection of a Mother for her Infant) to evade the barbarous Execution of this Order, got* PARIS *privately convey'd to Mount* Ida, *there to be ſecretly foſter'd by the Shepherds, where, when he was grown up, he fell*

in

in Love with the Nymph OENONE. *But an Apple being preſented to the Goddeſſes* Juno, Pallas, *and* Venus, *bearing this Inſcription,* Detur pulchriori, (Let it be given to the faireſt,) *and a Conteſt thereupon ariſing,* Jupiter *appoints* PARIS *for an Umpire to decide the Controverſy: Each of the Goddeſſes therefore tempts him into her Favour by a promis'd Reward;* Juno *offers him Empire,* Pallas *Wiſdom, and* Venus *the Enjoyment of the moſt beautiful Woman. The laſt won his Voice; and ſoon after being known and own'd for King* PRIAM'S *Son, he ſails into* Greece, *falls in Love with* HELEN, *the Wife of King* MENELAUS, *and carries her to* Troy. OENONE *hearing this, and raving to be ſo abandon'd and deceiv'd, writes the following Epiſtle to him, in which ſhe Expreſſes a great Variety and Struggle of Paſſions.*

NO injur'd Prince, his Vengeance
[here proclaims;
But a weak Nymph of broken
[Vows complains.
Then ſafely read; or claims your
[*Grecian* Fair,
As all your Love, ſo all your Time and Care?
Unhappy Change! and can ſuch Baſeneſs wait
On noble Minds? O curſe of being great!
There was a Time when PARIS' ſelf was known
A lovely Swain, whom I durſt call my own.
There was a Time when I an harmleſs Maid,
He preſt me to his Breaſt, and ſigh'd and ſaid,

" How long, my charming Nymph! muſt PARIS burn,
" In ardent Love for you, without return?
" Hence let my Tongue no more of you complain,
" The trueſt Lover, make the happieſt Swain.
" Feel here my Heart, what throbbing beats my Breaſt,
" Look on my Eyes, and there my Flame's confeſt:
" Thro' ev'ry Vein the ſwift Deſtruction flies,
" O yield OENONE, or your PARIS dies!
Won with your Words, and gazing on your Charms,
I bluſh'd, and ſigh'd, and dropt into your Arms.
Ah, then no fatal Pomp around you ſhone,
Nor known to be the mighty PRIAM's Son:
But o'er the Lawn, an exile Shepherd ſtray'd,
And I a fam'd and celebrated Maid;
Yet fam'd and celebrated as I was,
I met your Love, and ſtoop'd to your Embrace:
And while you ſought no other Bed but mine,
OENONE ſaw the golden Hours of Time.
In flow'ry Shades we ſpent the Summer's Day,
In pleaſing Dalliance, and delightful Play:
Or ſtray'd along the Margin of a Stream,
Or laid upon a Bank, and preſt the Green:

Amidſt

Amidſt our Flocks our am'rous Toys expreſt,
Claſp'd Arm in Arm, and Breaſt repos'd on Breaſt;
Ev'n Winter's bleaky Months unheeded fled,
Nor knew we half the Storms, the Seaſon ſhed.

WITH you I roſe ere *Phœbus* ſhot a Ray,
To rouſe the Stag, and chace the ſavage Prey:
Companion of your Sport, as of your Love,
The Deer ſurpris'd, adown the Hills we drove;
Well pleas'd, you ſmil'd, as in the flying Chace,
You heard me name the Hounds, and chear their Race:
And when the Game was o'er, you would relate,
How well I manag'd, and my Words repeat;
How ſwift I ſped along the Foreſt-green,
And as you told, give Kiſſes in between.

ON ev'ry ſtately Tree you carv'd my Name,
And cut out Records of your laſting Flame;
Each lofty Beech, a Proteſtation wears,
Which ſtill grows larger with the length of Years.
Upon the flow'ry Banks of *Xanthus* grows
(Well known for Beauty, and for ſhady Boughs,)
A lofty Popular, may the Tree ne'er fade,
Nor be the Trunk by length of Years decay'd;

But ſhoot and flouriſh in perpetual Bloom,
Thro' preſent Times, and Ages yet to come:
For PARIS cut theſe Verſes in the Rind,
And vow'd he 'grav'd the Copy of his Mind.
" *When for* OENONE, PARIS *leaves to burn,*
" *The Streams of* Xanthus *to their Source ſhall turn.*
Now turn ye Streams, thou *Xanthus*, backwards flow!
His Faith is perjur'd, and deſtroy'd his vow.
O rather, lovely Youth! return again,
Come ſooth my woes, and mitigate my pain!
Nay, ſooner *Xanthus* will revolve his Courſe,
And roll his Streamlets backwards to their Sourſe.
Sure never Innocence or Love like mine,
Met ſuch Deluſion and Deceit as thine!
Nor know I juſtly where to caſt the blame;
On VENUS, or on PARIS to complain:
'Twas ſhe firſt ſought our Bliſſes to divide,
And you, falſe Youth! too eaſily comply'd.
And can a heav'nly Pow'r ſo cruel be?
Or can the tender Queen of Love be ſhe?
Where ſhall the Gods for Juſtice be rever'd,
If Innocence be doom'd to this Reward?

WITH-

WITHIN our Breaſts a mutual Rapture ſprung,
And Love was always ſweet, and always young:
Our Nights all Joy, indulgent ev'ry Day,
Each Moment ſmil'd, each Minute danc'd away.
When from the bright celeſtial Thrones above,
Minerva, *Venus*, and the *Spouſe* of *Jove*,
Together naked; left the bleſt Abodes,
Prefering PARIS to th' immortal Gods:
When all unveil'd, their Beauties met your view,
The Prize contended, to be fix'd by you;
Not Wit, nor Empire, could invite your Choice,
But the fair *Grecian* Lady won your Voice.
When this you told, a ſudden Horrour ran
Thro' all my Blood, and thrill'd in ev'ry Vein,
As ſudden, Paleneſs did my Cheeks ſurprize,
And Floods of Tears ſtood trembling in my Eyes;
The dire Portents, how much I had to grieve,
What Woes to ſuffer, and what Days to live.
You ſtood and gaz'd, nor Words had I to ſpeak,
While the pale Roſes faded from my Cheek:
Then full of Love, you ſnatch'd me to your Breaſt,
And ſigh'd, and thouſand tender Things expreſt;

Then ſwore by *Jove*, and ev'ry Power above,
Nor Fate, nor Time, ſhould once divide our Love.
Sooth'd by the pleaſing Muſick of your Tongue,
All raviſh'd, to your panting Breaſt I clung.
But ſoon my Bliſs on haſty Wing I view'd;
Again it fled, no more to be renew'd:
When envious Fame your high Deſcent made known,
And to the World proclaim'd you PRIAM's Son.
From Groves, and Plains, and Grottos, you retir'd,
In Courts and Palaces to be admir'd;
And ſoon in Courts and Palaces were taught,
To break your Vows, and ſet your Oaths at nought,
And all the Truth and Honeſty, we priz'd
In Groves, and Plains, and Grottos, you deſpis'd.
For now a Fleet of Ships at Anchor ride,
Bound in the Bay, and wanton with the Tide;
Theſe wait the Gale, my PARIS to convey,
O'er curling Surges, and a length of Sea.
O charming Youth! how then you ſeem'd to grieve,
When of your weeping Love, you took your Leave;
When on each Breaſt, did I, did you, incline,
You wept, I wept, you mixt your Tears with mine.

Nor

Nor be aſham'd that then you ſhed a Tear,
OENONE lov'd, or griev'd to part from her;
Your Paſſion then was ſpotleſs as your Fame,
Not ſuch a Love you bear the *Grecian* Dame:
About my Neck your circling Arms you threw,
As Vines on Elms, about my Neck they grew:
Whatever melting Grief could do, you did;
Whatever tender Love could ſay, you ſaid;
You wept, and kiſt, and ſwore eternal Truth,
And call'd all Heav'n a Witneſs, perjur'd Youth!
How then you feign'd a Tempeſt on the Sea,
To lengthen Time, and ſpin your Stay with me;
You fancy'd Storms inclement, ſwept the Skie,
Which none could ſee but you, nor feel but I;
The Sailors ſmil'd the dear Deceit to View;
For all was calm, and ſcarce a Zephir blew:
'Till often call'd, and 'ſham'd ſo long to ſtay,
You wrench'd aſide, and tore yourſelf away!
Gods! at that Moment what my Heart ſuſtain'd,
How ſad, how griev'd, how agoniz'd, how pain'd!
I ſtood, a marble Statue, in my Woe,
Nor could I ſpeak, nor Tears had Pow'r to flow;

But while mine Eyes your Gally kept in view,
To grieve and gaze was all that I could do;
'Till ply'd with Oars, and ſhot before the Wind,
You diſappear'd, and left my Sight behind;
Yet ſtill o'er ſwelling Seas and widen'd Main,
My Eyes purſu'd you, but purſu'd in vain.

Now drown'd in Tears I fall upon the Shore,
And all th' immortal Pow'rs of Heav'n implore,
That proſp'rous Breezes and indulgent Gales,
May gently heave you on, and ſwell your Sails,
And kindly o'er the riſing Surges born,
You ſoon and ſafely to my Arms return.
My Pray'r was heard, but ſome indignant God,
Rejected half, and half my Pray'r beſtow'd;
For ſoon your Gally meaſur'd back the Sea,
And you return'd, but not return'd to me.

A rugged Rock there is, whoſe awful Brow
Nods from the Skie, and ſhades the Deep below;
Againſt whoſe Sides, the juſtling Billows meet,
And break, and roar, and tumble at it's Feet;
This craggy Steep I daily us'd to climb,
While you were abſent, to beguile the Time;

There

There mark the Track, you ſteer'd along the Main,
Or point what Place you muſt appear again.
My Eyes ran all th' expanded Proſpect o'er,
Joyn'd Land to Land, and meaſur'd Shore to Shore.
At laſt, a Veſſel riſing to my View,
Revives old Tranſports, and ſolicits new.
Soft flutt'ring Pangs around my Boſom rove,
And my fond Soul ſprings full of you and Love.
Swift o'er the Waves, it leaves the Seas behind,
Spread full the Sails, and belly'd with the Wind:
When lo, as nearer to my Sight it drew,
A gawdy Scene of Splendour ſtruck my view!
The Stern and Poop with gold and Silver glow,
And ſhed long Gleams upon the Deep below:
The Cords and Shrouds in figur'd Colours ſhone,
And flutt'ring Pendants glitter'd in the Sun.
But on the Deck, the Fate of all appear'd,
What my Heart boded, and my Boſom fear'd:
Stretch'd o'er, a Canopy that flam'd with Gold,
And golden Carpets lay beneath unrol'd;
There ſat, in ſtately Pomp, the *Grecian* Queen,
Deluding ſmil'd, and languiſh'd in her Mein;

Her

Her purple Dreſs flew looſe with graceful Pride,
And a bright Azure ſtream'd on ev'ry Side:
Upon her Breaſt th' enamour'd PARIS lay,
And raptur'd, ſunk, and ſoftly dy'd away;
While wanton, ſhe his Boſom trifled bare,
Or dally'd with the Ringlets of his Hair.
Stung with the View, and maden'd at the Deed,
I furious, tore the Treſſes from my Head;
Wild, down the rugged Precipice I ran,
And publiſh'd my Diſorder o'er the Plain,
The Rocks and Caverns doubl'd to my Cries,
And all Mount *Ida* clamour'd with my Voice;
O PARIS, faithleſs PARIS! loud I cry'd,
O PARIS, faithleſs PARIS! they reply'd.
Soon as that lovely Name, forever dear!
Return'd in wand'ring Echoes on my Ear;
My Rage abated, but not ſo my Grief,
O ſad Diſtraction! Pain beyond Belief!
All bath'd in Tears, I ſought the Shades and Groves,
The conſcious Witneſſes of all our Loves;
There mark'd the Places, where my PARIS ſtray'd,
And kiſt the Grove, and wept within the Shade;

Then

Then fell upon the Turf, which oft we preſt,
There wept again, and ſigh'd, and mourn'd, and kiſt.
SAY lovely Youth, for you have ſtill my Heart,
Is all in vain, and fruitleſs ev'ry Art?
Will no freſh Spark re-kindle your Deſire,
Can nothing fan to Life, your ancient Fire?
And muſt I ne'er expect your kind Return,
But ſigh neglected, and neglected burn?
Is PARIS deaf to his OENONE's Sighs,
And can ſhe ask of him what he denies?
O wretched Change, O Perjury abhor'd!
And O yet lovely ſtill, and ſtill ador'd!
Is this my Fate, and am I then to find,
No calmer Pauſe, nor reſpite of the Mind;
But ſtill the Furies, boundleſs in their Reign,
To ſpin one long continu'd thread of Pain:
Good Heav'n! declare what is my great Offence,
Or ceaſe to puniſh ſpotleſs Innocence.
I'VE try'd all Arts my Paſſion to controul,
And ſtill the giddy Tumult of my Soul;
But all in vain, no Charm has Strength to bind,
In laſting Chains, my wild diſorder'd Mind;

Soon

Soon my weak-guarded Breaſt is touch'd a-new,
And all my Heart is full of Love and you;
The fiery Sparks begin to glow again
In ev'ry Pulſe, and leap in ev'ry Vein.
Nor think, O Prince! ſo mean a Thought of me,
That my Heart ſwells to ſhare a Throne with thee;
When with your Love compar'd, my Thoughts deſpiſe
The Pomp of Courts, and Empire's gawdy Joys:
Lay me but neareſt to the Man I love,
I would not change to be the Wife of *Jove*.
When you a Swain, and trod behind the Plough,
I lov'd you then as dear, as much as now;
Then, you would preſs my Hand, and ſmiling own,
My Charms were ſuch as might adorn a Throne:
O had you ſtill that lovely Shepherd been,
And I remain'd your joyous rural Queen!
O had you ne'er of *Grecian* Beauties heard,
Nor wanton *Venus'* tempting gift prefer'd!
Still o'er theſe Lawns you'd rov'd a bliſsful Swain,
Nor I had Reaſon, juſtly to complain;
Then, yet your Flute had warbl'd thro' the Shade,
And Birds hung liſt'ning to the Tunes you play'd:

For

For while you watch'd your fleecy Wantons here,
And rais'd the various Products of the Year;
No Swain like you, could Charm with ſo much Eaſe,
Nor had that nat'ral Elegance to pleaſe;
Your Song, your Dance, the Virgins Boſoms fir'd,
While Shepherds gaz'd, and envy'd, and admir'd.
Alas! your Soul to greater State was born,
Than range the Fields, or pipe beneath a Thorn;
And yet more bleſt thoſe Fields might prove to you,
If you the Fate which threatens near, purſue.
For think not, PARIS! that the *Grecian* Lord
Will ſtay his Vengeance, or reſtrain his Sword;
Ere long, his Wrongs ſhall tumult in Alarms,
And *Troy* behold all *Greece* approach in Arms.
CASSANDRA's Viſion I ſhall ſtill retain,
When the warm God-head run in ev'ry Vein;
In views of future Times, her Soul was fir'd,
And thus ſhe told me what the Pow'r inſpir'd.

No more OENONE, *plough thy fruitleſs Plain,*
O'er barren Wilds of Sand thou throw'ſt thy Grain;
For lo! a fatal Heifer ſails from Greece,
Which ſhall deſtroy thy Hopes, thy Joys, and Peace;

Nor

Nor only ſhall thy private Store deſtroy,
But PIRAM's *Houſe, and ſink in Flames all* Troy.
She comes! O righteous Heav'n, her Courſe reſtrain,
Or drive her back, or plunge her in the Main!

She ſaid, and fled, nor yet her Mind was cool,
The God kept ſtill Poſſeſſion in her Soul.
I try'd to ſearch the myſtick Speech, in vain;
But you and HELEN now diſcloſe it plain:
My Hopes, my Joys, my Peace, are all deſtroy'd,
And PARIS in another Bed enjoy'd!
Hence, endleſs Pain and Woe reſide with me,
For my dear All is fled away in thee.
Nor ſtops the Miſchief here, the Gods and Fate,
O'er *Illion*'s Towers with red Deſtruction wait:
The Domes are fir'd, the pompous Palace burns,
And all the Land in Diſolation mourns.
This is the Dow'r, the faithleſs HELEN brings,
The Fall of Cities and the Blood of Kings:
Avert it, perjur'd PARIS! and reſtore
The lawleſs Woman on the *Spartan* Shore.
Return within my peaceful Arms again,
Appeaſe the Gods, and quench th' impending Flame.

Or

Or if all this appear in your Eſteem,
The Words of Women, and an idle Dream,
Yet can you hope the *Grecian* Dame will prove,
A laſting Paſſion, and a conſtant Love?
As thine, ſhe once ATRIDES' Boſom preſt,
As fondly clasp'd him, and as warmly kiſt;
And as he lies alone, forſaken now,
The like new Change of Fortune waits on you.
Fair as ſhe is, no ſteady Soul ſhe knows,
For ev'ry new deluding Youth ſhe glows:
With ev'ry blooming Object, loves to play,
And melt in looſe laſcivious Trance away.
With THESEUS, once the lovely Faithleſs fail'd,
And feigning Rage, the Flight a *Rape* miſ-call'd,
Who can believe her Honour kept unfoil'd,
When Love beat high, and THESEUS' Vigour boil'd?
Could THESEUS with the bluſhing Wanton play,
And let the Moments idly creep away?
This, Madneſs unexampl'd, muſt believe,
Nor can the empty Sound of *Rape*, deceive;
She willing fled with him, as now with thee,
And the next Youth ſhall bear her o'er the Sea.

NOT

NOT thus OENONE ſet her Heart on you,
But burns with conſtant Love, and keeps her Vow.
No plunder'd Beauties to your Arms I brought,
But ſpotleſs Innocence, in Deed and Thought.
My Virgin-Breaſt, no brutal Wiſhes mov'd,
But tender, melted, bled, ador'd, and lov'd;
Nor thought I it a Crime to meet your Arms,
And knew you but a Shepherd full of Charms:
Yet ſtill there ſomething more than Shepherds know,
Shone thro' your Airs, and dwelt upon your Brow;
When raptur'd, you the Flow'ry Garland made,
And mingl'd Pinks and Daſies in the Braid;
Then claſp'd me in your Arms, you'd ſmiling own,
The Head which wore it, well deſerv'd a Crown;
But while with you in Groves and Shades retir'd,
No other Crowns, my raviſh'd Breaſt deſir'd.
To view theſe happy Hours approach again,
Were worth an Empire, or an Age of Pain!
But O that charming Day's forever fled;
What Tears I weep, and what I've yet to ſhed!
The circling Hours, in painful Moments fly,
Nor ſees the Sun, a greater Wretch than I;

While

While I of violated Faith complain,
And call on PARIS to return, in vain.
More light thy Faith, more vain thy empty Vows,
Than Leaves which drop in Autumn from the Boughs,
Or idle Straws which wand'ring Zephirs bear,
Toſs to and fro, and trifle in the Air.
O *Phebus!* what avails it me to know
The various Plants, their Virtues, where they grow!
In vain my Skill, in vain my Searches prove,
I cannot find a Cure for raging Love.
Not all the Virtues of the flow'ry Plain,
Can fix one Faithleſs, wand'ring Heart, again:
Nor thou thy ſelf; the glorious God of Day,
Can ſooth my Torments, or my Woes Allay.
PARIS alone enjoys the mighty Pow'r,
To cure my Heart, and all my Joys reſtore.
Then faireſt, lovelieſt, deareſt Youth! return,
Bring Life, and Love, and Day, and Night, and Morn;
For curs'd from thee, I none of theſe enjoy,
But ſigh, and mourn, and weep, and faint, and die.
O come, O ſnatch you from the *Grecian* Fair!
Ere *Troy* be plung'd in Flame, in Blood and War;

Ere ſome curs'd Spear, more fatal than the reſt,
Pierce at thy Heart, and wallow thro' thy Breaſt.
Make haſte, forſake your beauteous Fugitive,
Be mindful of your Country's Good, and live.

A

Paſtoral ODE.

I.

AS *DICKY* a languiſhing Swain,
Sat penſive alone in a Grove;
Thus mournfully told he the Pain,
His Heart felt in Abſence and Love.
Alas how uneaſy am I,
How lumpiſh and dull is my Heart!
It knows not a Corner of Joy,
But ſorrows in every Part.

II.

For *PEGGY*, my fair one, is gone,
She's gone, and has left me behind;
Where plaintively lying alone,
I joyn the ſad wiſpering Wind.
Each murmuring Blaſt that comes near,
I fill with ſoft Notes of my Pain:
The Grottos my Murmurings hear,
And ſadly re-murmur again.

III.

But all is in vain, ſilly Lad!
For *PEGGY* perceives not thy Moan:
She ſees not thy Coutenance ſad,
Nor knows thou art mourning alone.
Perhaps now her *DICKY*'s forgot,
And a Youth that's more happy than he,
Poſſeſſes her with a ſoft Thought,
Or claſps in his Arms on his Knee.

IV.

And ſhould it be ſo, can I blame
A Nymph that's ſo charming as ſhe?
She ne'er was deſign'd for a Swain,
So mean, and ſo wretched as me.

Her

Her Form is too lovely and bright,
Too much to an Angel refin'd;
To ſtoop to ſo humble a Wight,
Or center ſo lowly her Mind.

V.

How ſilly was I, and how wild,
To wiſh for ſo mighty a Prize!
To let my poor Heart be beguil'd,
And pant in the Warmth of her Eyes!
She ſuffer'd my Pride to advance,
And heard what my Boſom could ſay;
She ſmil'd, and I dy'd in a Trance;
She ſpoke, and I melted away.

VI.

O had ſhe not been ſo divine!
Or elſe more ſevere to her Swain!
O had better Fortune been mine!
Or elſe had not I been ſo vain!
Then *DICKY* perhaps had been bleſt
In a Nymph more befitting his State:
Or known no dull Weight on his Breaſt,
Nor mourn'd the hard Laws of his Fate.

VII.

But rapt with his *PEGGY*, ſtill he
Long Days of Delight had enjoy'd;
From doubts and from Jealouſies free,
Nor Abſence his Bliſs had deſtroy'd.
Alas, ye deluding dear Hours,
That ſlipt in ſhort Moments away,
When *PEGGY* and I bleſt the Bow'rs,
And call'd you and begg'd you to ſtay!

VIII.

You're gone, and no more will return,
And Ages your Places ſupply;
In Moments I find Years to mourn,
Tho' Years fled in Moments of Joy.
How ſwiftly can Pleaſure bear Time,
How ſhortly flit Ages away!
How dully Deſpair can confine,
And clogg a whole Age in a Day!

PART II.

Miſcellaneous POEMS.

——— *haut etiam aſpice partem.*

VIRG.

TO

Mr. *LANCASTER*,

Upon his PAINTING a PROSPECT of

KENDAL-CASTLE.

Materiem ſuperabat opus. ——— OVID.

ACCEPT the Numbers of a friendly Muſe,
Nor what your real Merit claims, refuſe.
Not as a Rival, I attempt to raiſe
This Monument, but found it on your Praiſe:
And were my Lines as eaſy as your Teint,
Or could I write as well as you can Paint;

From

From you, my Verſe a laſting Life ſhould claim,
And you from me ſhould purchaſe endleſs Fame.

FOR many Years, the Structure had been caſt
In Heaps of Rubbiſh, and a ruin'd Waſte;
And ſcarce the lonely, mould'ring Wall maintains
One broken Sketch of old Magnificence:
'Till you by happy Skill redeem'd the Tow'rs,
And made the Views of former Ages, ours;
Each Turret from it's Ruins rear'd a-new,
And all the Building roſe again, by you:
And we now ſee (inſtructed by your Hand)
How ancient Times beheld the Caſtle ſtand.

AS o'er the Piece I travel with my Eyes,
I find a thouſand recent Beauties riſe;
Now o'er the Hill, I trace the blooming Scenes,
And Nature dawns thro' Art, in all her Greens:
Now to the Sructure I methinks am led,
And riſing Arches ſwell above my Head:
See, lofty Tow'rs and ſpacious Columns riſe!
Shade half the Hill, and proudly keep the Skies:
While azure Heav'ns with Light adorn the whole,
Or Clouds delude the Sight, and ſeem to roll.

How

How bold each Stroke, how free the Touches fall,
And what a ſtrong *Relievo* bodies all!
NATURE her ſelf, may view thy Work and boaſt,
She has receiv'd from thee, and nothing loſt.
Not KENT (where her delightful Waters flow
In limpid Waves, in ſilent rolls, and ſlow.)
Paints the ſteep Hill, and in her Boſom bears,
Each verdant Plant the riſing Summit wears,
Nor do thoſe fleecy Images which lie
In that ideal Vault, that neither Skie,
More lively Figure out theſe Packs which move,
O'er the wide Concave of the Heav'n above,
Nor more the Fancy or the Eye incite.
Than thy well teinted Shade, and beauteous Light.
Thus, while it moſt delights thee to excel,
In painting Images of NATURE well,
She ready waits to jump at thy Command,
And Worlds ſtart out, obedient to thy Hand;
But would that Skill which ſhines ſo blooming here,
Begin Deſigns more noble to prefer!
To teach on Canvas, Majeſty to ſhine,
And reconcile our Factions with a Line;

To

To win our Paſſions over, as we look;
And mend our various Errours with a Stroke.
Or draw old Conteſts in a figur'd Striſe,
Renew paſt Times, and call the Dead to Life;
Thence learn us, preſent, happy Days to prize,
And look on civil Broils with fearful Eyes.

NOR ſhall the Muſe be backward then, to raiſe
Thy Name encreaſing, and thy growing Praiſe;
To future Times ſhall ſhe thy Fame prolong,
In deathleſs Verſe, if Deathleſs be my Song.
And tho' each Stroke ſhall fade, thy Skill could give;
Still freſh thy Paint, in laſting Strains ſhall live.

EPIGRAM

ON

AGROPHILOS,

An ingenious HUSBANDMAN.

Fortunate Senex! ——————— VIRG.

IF there's a Man more happy than the reſt,
Of Heav'n more favour'd, and more fully bleſt;
More worthy Praiſe, yet from the Luſt [more free,
More great unknown, AGRIPHILOS is he:
Bleſt in his Fields, which plenteous Crops afford,
And bleſt his Fields, in having ſuch a Lord:
AGLAUS thus did GYGES wealth excel,
And thus did ADAM live, before he fell.

CELIA

CELIA Retired.

AN Ev'ning ſoft, and balmy Air,
And all that's ſweet, and fine, and fair,
Conſpir'd to crown that happy hour,
When CELIA ſought a private Bow'r;
Where ſeated in a Shade alone,
She gave the Winds this tender Moan.

AH DAMON, why this long Delay,
O why art thou ſo far away!
Come near, my Love! if CELIA's Charms
Have Pow'r to call thee to her Arms.
The Seaſon calls us to improve
Each happy Hour, in Bliſs and Love;

For

For ev'ry Scene that charms the Sight,
Is but a Scene of Love's Delight.
Each Flow'r diſplays a Lover's Eye,
And ev'ry Zephyr is a Sigh.
Each Tree, and Grot, and Bank, and Grove,
Cries, Nature has no Law but Love.
THE little Warblers, that rejoyce,
Their Mirth is Love, and Love their Voice.
They flit and hop from Bough to Bough,
And here they Court, and there they Vow;
And now high perch'd on Stems above,
They ſing, and all the Song is Love.
THRICE bleſt, ye Wood-Inhabitants!
As free from Cares, ſo free from Wants.
No rigid Fate your Bliſs deſtroys,
Or interrupts your happy Joys.
No harſh commanding Parents Tongues,
To check your tender Sports or Songs.
No tireſome Abſence to reſtrain
The Kindlings of your noble Flame.
No buſy Spies your Hours to grieve,
Or kind Appointments to deceive;

But all is free, as Wiſh and Choice,
To Love's Commands, and Nature's Voice.
O how unlike to you am I!
Depriv'd of all my Bliſs and Joy,
Beſet by Danger, check'd by Fear,
I ſigh for one, I have not here.
How long muſt I in Abſence mourn,
And wiſh in vain for his return!
Ah DAMON, *why this long Delay,*
O why art thou ſo far away!
Come near, my Love! if CELIA's *Charms*
Have Power to call thee to her Arms!
Let's imitate the Choirs above,
In Bliſs, and Freedom, Joy, and Love.

To the PAINTER *of a young Lady's Picture.*

WHILE you, Sir ARTIST, are allow'd to thrive,
(Whom no right pious Man would wiſh alive)
Divines on Idol-worſhip may declaim,
And urge the Force of ſacred Texts, in vain;
For while your Pencil ſo profanely paints,
'Twill make more Sinners, than the Pulpit Saints.

To FLORINDA.

Written on her LOOKING-GLASS.

HERE *CUPID* learns to Point his Darts,
To pierce our Breaſts, and wound our Hearts;
While you, FLORINDA, practiſe here,
Or criſp the Coif, or plait the Hair,
Or teach th' enchanting Eyes to roll,
And ſhoot yourſelf into the Soul,

Or give the Hood, or Pinners Airs,
You furnish *CUPID* with his Snares:
Your flutt'ring Pendents are his Wings,
The Plaits his Nests, your Hair his Strings,
His Bows your Eye-Brows, and your Eyes
Are, each the killing-Dart that flies.

THE

THE ROSE.

AS SILVIA was walking one Ev'ning along,
The Cloſes, and Meadows, and Hedges among:
A Roſe in her Boſom, and under her Feet,
Spread all that was pleaſant and lovely and ſweet.
While DAMON walk'd by her, her Charms he confeſt,
And Pit-a-pat, Pit-a-pat, beat in his Breaſt;
A Pain full of Pleaſure, and rapterous Smart,
Took hold of his Boſom, and thrill'd thro' his Heart.
FAIR *FLORA* cry'd out (as ſhe ſmil'd in the Green)
A more charming Creature there never was ſeen;

" So lovely a Bloſſom's not found in my Store,
" With ſuch white and red I ne'er painted a Flow'r,
" Ye Pride of the Vallies, ye Beauty of Meads,
" Confeſs her more charming, and bend down your [Heads.
" Thou Roſe in her Boſom, thou Vagrant of mine,
" How dar'ſt thou ſo bold in that Paradiſe ſhine?
" Look up to her Cheeks, and confeſſing, declare
" Thy ſelf a faint Sketch of the Life that is there.
The Goddeſs ſaid thus, and the Roſe, as was meet,
From SILVIA's Boſom, dropt down to her Feet.
There lay it ſubmiſſive, nor dar'd to complain;
'Till DAMON, in haſte, ſnatch'd the Flower up again;
Thrice fondly he kiſs'd it, as fondly thrice bleſt,
And welcome to mine (ſaid he) from her dear Breaſt!
Dear Emblem of me, that fell humbly down,
The Charms and the Pow'r of her Beauties to own;
See, ſnatch'd from her Breaſt, how thy Bloſſoms decay!
Juſt ſo in her Abſence, I languiſh away.
But ſtay my dear Roſe, why ſo ſwift wilt thou fly?
Together let's live, and together let's die.

DA-

DAMON *to* CELIA.

KIND lovely *Celia*, ſoft enchanting Fair,
More lov'd than Health, than Life itſelf more dear.
Thy tender Lines more Bleſſings brought to me,
Than Spring to Birds, or Lillies to the Bee:
The well known Seal awaken'd all my Joys,
And e're I broke it looſe I kiſt it thrice;
But haſty Love forbidding more delay,
Impatient, cry'd, what does my Charmer ſay?
She ſays a thouſand dear enchanting Things,
And each a Thouſand dear Enchantments brings.

My Heart in ev'ry Line, new Raptures move,
And ev'ry Syllable's a Soul of Love;
No more of tedious Abſence I complain,
This amply recompenſes all my Pain.
O dear bleſt Meſſenger of tender Joy,
Prolong this Bliſs, and cheat each Moment by,
'Till that more heav'nly Hour which ſhall diſplay
The Charmer's ſelf, more heav'nly Joys convey;
When ſunk, beneath a Million Tranſports preſt,
Loſt in her Charms, I tremble on her Breaſt,
And rapt, when each to each has more to tell,
Than Tongue can ſpeak, or Language can reveal.
Our bounding Souls t'exchange their Places try,
Break thro' each breathe, and iſſue at each Eye;
Each Sigh, each languid Look, diſcloſes more
Than Poets feign, or Nat'raliſts explore.
O matchleſs Nymph, forever lov'd by me,
How much I long that bliſsful Day to ſee,
When plac'd beneath the Influence of thy Eye,
No Foes ſhall ſeek to interupt our Joy;
Nor Fortune ſtrive by Abſence to remove,
Our Peace from one continu'd calm of Love.

O ſhining

O ſhining Hour, O lightſome Day of Gold!
Spring forth thou Morn, thou Paradiſe unfold!
Alas, the lagging Moments ſtay behind,
Nor Pray'rs can make the ſturdy Hours more kind!
With *Time* no ſoft Entreaties find a Place,
Nor laggs he more, nor ſpeeds he more his Pace,
Alike regardleſs, both of Hate and Love,
The only Pow'r, nor Gifts, nor Pray'rs can move.
But while my CELIA, ſoft, indulgent, ſhines,
And ſpeeds an Intercourſe of tender Lines;
The melting Joys her dear Impreſſions bring,
Cheat Time's dull Courſe, and gild his dusky Wing;
The tardy Hours more nimbly ſeem to run;
And ſlides more ſmooth, each bright ſucceeding Sun.
O charming CELIA, ever let me find
Your Preſence Rapture, and your Abſence kind!
Support a Life forever fixt your own,
That knows no Wiſhes but for you alone;
That likes no Change, nor ſeeks, but to be true,
Nor ever ſhall acknowledge Love but you.
Not all the flow'ry Sex beſides, ſhall bend
My ſteady Purpoſe from it's deſtin'd End;

No other End, my Thoughts reſolv'd, explore,
But live with you, or live on Earth no more.

On CELIA.

CELIA the faireſt of the female Kind,
A Form all faultleſs, and a ſpotleſs Mind;
Who views her Eyes, and does not own their Sway?
Who hears her ſpeak, and does not melt away?
Bright Miracle! from ev'ry Failure free;
She is all Charms, all Admiration we.

On the ſame.

WHILE *Celia* ſits on *Damon*'s Knee,
And gently leans againſt his Breaſt,
More joy'd, more rapt, more bleſt is he,
Then if he held the wealthy *Eaſt*.

Upon her heavenly Frame engroſt,
Within the compaſs of an Eye,
There's all that's fine the World can boaſt,
Without its Mixtures of Alloy.
A charming Form, a gentle Mind,
As ſoft and melting as a Dove;
An Heart ſincere, a Soul all kind,
Both Eyes and Boſom full of Love.
Her Speech is all a rapt'rous Song,
And all her Looks are Paradiſe:

An Angel flutters on her Tongue,
And rides in Triumph from her Eyes.
Let haughty Monarchs prize their Thrones,
And Victors proud, with Glory burn;
I envy not their dazling Suns,
Nor for their Pow'r and Greatneſs mourn.
But claſpt in *Celia*'s happier Arms,
O ever, ever, let me ſtay!
While all my Soul amidſt her Charms,
Melts ſoftly out, and ſteals away.

THE

THE LAP-DOG.

WHILE MINNY ſports on *Silvia*'s Knee,
I wiſhing view, with Pain I ſee,
The little fav'rite Dog enjoys
A Bliſs it knows not how to prize.
See, ſmiling *Silvia*, with what Care,
She ſtrokes the Skin, and combs the Hair;
She liſps, and fawns, and laughs, and plays,
And ſports with MINNY twenty ways.
O how with Envy I'm poſſeſt,
To ſee that ſpotted Brute ſo bleſt!

Sure

Sure *Jove* might now deſcend again,
But not in Floods of golden Rain:
A MINNY's Form if he prevail,
Muſt all the Love-ſick God conceal.
For MINNY's the beſt Creature grown,
And has the kindeſt Favours ſhown.
Securely on her Lap it lies,
Or freely gazes on her Eyes;
To touch her Breaſt, may ſhare the Bliſs,
And unreprov'd, may ſnatch a Kiſs:
O Heav'ns, the Joy! who would not be
That envy'd Thing, bleſt MINNY, thee?
Jove, grant me but what here I crave,
No more I'll ask, no more I'll have;
Give me a Spell, a potent Charm,
To turn my ſelf to MINNY's Form.
In ſportful Dance, and wanton Play
On *Silvia*'s Lap I'll ſpend the Day.
But when the Duſk of ev'ning Shade
Has call'd her to the downy Bed;
Then let me on her Boſom burn,
And back again to *Damon* turn.

To DORINDA,

Making a NOSEGAY.

WHILE you, DORINDA, cull each fragrant Flow'r,
And rob the Garden of it's balmy Store;
Or teach the Bloom, obedient to your Hand,
In tempting Rows, and poſied Ranks to ſtand;
Each ſhining Range to beauteous Order brought,
Expreſſive Emblem of your lively Thought!
Ah lovely Nymph, forget not your own Frame,
How much it is, or much appears the ſame;
Tho' you in Charms all flow'ry, bloom to Day,
Not Roſes brighter, nor the Pink more gay;
The Roſe in Bloſſom will not always laſt,
As ſoon, the Pink will find it's Fragrance waſte;

Each

Each Flower ungather'd, uſeleſs muſt decay,
And all it's fading Glories end in Clay,
Not ſeen, nor ſmell'd, nor prais'd, nor talk'd of, more;
And Fleſh is Graſs, and Beauty but a Flower.
What then remains, but that you well improve
The preſent Time, ſo form'd for Bliſs and Love?
While Youth and Pleaſure ev'ry Senſe invite
To melting Joys, and exquiſite Delight.
O why ſhould you the ſweets of Life deny,
And thoſe ſoft Hours of Rapture not enjoy!
Embrace the kind Occaſion while 'tis here,
A happy Spring foretels a happy Year.

THE

THE *Faded* FLOWER.

'TIS hard to ſay if Beauty's Charms,
Bring more of Bleſſings, or of Harms;
So ſhort their Date, ſo frail their Force,
That oft the Bleſſing turns a Curſe.

Thyrſis was ſmit, as once he 'ſpy'd,
A Bed of Lillies in their Pride,
He look'd, admir'd, and prais'd, a-while,
Then ſnatch'd the Glories from the Soil,
As fondly on his Boſom plac'd,
And taught their Charms to grace his Breaſt.

But

But ſoon the Charms began to fade,
And all the flow'ry Glories ſhed;
The Change, no ſooner *Thyrſis* 'ſpy'd,
But with the ſhort Poſſeſſion cloy'd,
The Lillies from his Breaſt are torn,
A Morning pride, an Evening ſcorn.
Thus ſome fluſh'd Youth, who feels the Flood
Of Fortune, and the Fire of Blood.
Upon ſome Fair-one caſts his Eyes,
And ſees ten Thouſand Beauties riſe;
He pants all o'er, and ev'ry Vein,
Glows fiercely, with redoubled Flame;
Eternal Truth, he ſwears, and cries
He's ſlain, and damn'd, if ſhe denies:
Mov'd with his Paſſion, and Complaint,
Kind Nature draws her to conſent,
With ſoft Reluctance, ſhe complies,
Clings to the Bliſs, and heaves, and dies;
But ſoon, Enjoyment viels her Charms,
No more the Youth, her Beauty warms,
But pall'd, he throws her from his Arms
Diſpis'd and loath'd, her Favours grow,
An Angel once, a Strumpet now.

The

The WISH.

MIGHT I desire, and Heav'n regard
[my Voice,
And seal my Wish, then hear me
[make my Choice;
Nor would I wish to share an
[Emp'ror's Name,
Nor deal the Bays with eldest Sons of Fame;
But O if there's a Blessing stor'd for me,
Kind Heav'ns! this mighty Gift then let it be.
Celia, the charming Nymph, whom I adore,
O give me her, and I will ask no more!

AN

EPITHALAMIUM.

YE charming Pair, permit your Friend [to tell
Thoſe Joys, the Muſe forbids him [to conceal!
She ſees the Crowd approach on [ev'ry Side,
To hail the *Bridegroom*, and acclaim the *Bride*.
Fir'd at the View, ſhe tours above the Throng,
And modulates her Raptures into Song:
For thee, my SILVIUS! ſhall her Numbers riſe,
To wiſh thee Health, and long-continued Joys.
I ſaw the Day, and rapt I was to ſee,
When charming DELIA gave her Hand to thee;

How

How bright did *Phebus* o'er the Ocean riſe,
And fill'd with Light, the Concave of the Skies;
The Skies, as mark of Pleaſure, deign'd to ſhow
Their azure Boſom on the World below;
The World below its Gratulations ſhed,
And the light Hours on eaſy Pinions fled.
Be this an Omen of a long Delight,
Be all your Days ſo cloudleſs and ſo bright;
Without a Ruffle, ev'ry Moment flow,
More gentle than the ſofteſt Breezes blow:
And thou, the gentleſt Deity, O Love!
Still either Breaſt with tender Paſſion move;
Still SILVIUS, with his matchleſs DELIA, charm;
And ever DELIA, with her SILVIUS, warm.
It ſhall be ſo, if right the *Muſe* foreſee,
And thus propitious Fates for you decree,
" *Still in the Front of Merit, full confeſt,*
" *Shall* SILVIUS *ſtand, applauded, hail'd and bleſt;*
" *Still* DELIA *bloom in all the Sexes Charms,*
" *Wit, Truth, good Humour, Beauty's beaming Arms;*
" *Round both, ſhall Bliſs intenſe, forever glow,*
" *With all that Earth can give and Heav'n beſtow.*

And be you Parents of a num'rous Race,
Enrich'd with ev'ry Good and ev'ry Grace;
Whoſe Wit, and Charms, and Innocence, and Truth,
May be true Copies of their Parents Youth;
And may your Happineſs augment from theirs,
Joy of your Age, and Comfort of your Years:
'Till peaceful Slumbers cloſe at laſt your Eyes,
And call you from the Earth, to mount the Skies.

COLIN

COLIN *in Deſpair.*

I.

WILD with his Grief, young Co-
[LIN fled
His Flocks and Plains, and
[ſought a Grove,
Where cover'd with a gloomy
[ſhade,
He thus bemoan'd his hapleſs Love:
While Rocks ſtood round and catch'd his cries,
And Winds flew by, and ſigh'd his Sighs.

II.

A Tyrant rules within thy Mind,
Thy Heart's as hard as flinty Stone,

More cruel than mad Storms of Wind,
And Rage it ſelf is ſooner won:
The ſwelling Billows on the Sea,
Are gentle Things, compar'd with thee.

III.

In the bleak Regions of the Pole,
Dread Hills of Snow perpetual riſe,
And Froſt forbids the Streams to roll,
And Seas congeal in Alps of Ice:
Not all that frigid Zone can prove,
A ſcene ſo cold as SILVIA's Love.

IV.

The Bees purſue the yellow Thyme,
And warbling Birds rejoyce in *May*;
Round Oaks, the claſping Ivies twine,
And youthful Lambs enjoy their play;
Each Creature has its Sport and Joy,
And nothing's always curs'd but I.

V.

Clouds will not always hide the Skie,
Nor Show'rs forever ſwell the Streams;

For Vapours vaniſh as they fly,
Serene ſucceeds, and genial Gleams,
All human Ills a reſpite find,
And nought but SILVIA's ſtill unkind.

VI.

Time ſtops not in its Courſe to flow,
But runs a-round as roll the Spheres;
Brings Winters and our Summers too,
And Days and Nights compleat the Years:
But Time can ne'er by all his Art,
Diſſolve my SILVIA's marble Heart.

VII.

Nor Wit, nor Verſe, avail me more,
They but augment and ſwell my Fire;
I robb'd the Muſe and ſpent her Store,
I ſtruck the Strings, and ſmote the Lyre:
But ah! in Vain I found all theſe,
As Pray'rs to Winds, or Sighs to Seas.

VIII.

Then farewel Wit and Verſe, no more
Shall you delude my fond Deſire;

And farewel Muſe with all thy ſtore,
Be broke the Strings, be dumb the Lyre:
To ev'ry Art of Love adieu,
And to the Charms of SILVIA too.

To

The West Countrey Lass.

To BELINDA,

On her SINGING.

SOON as BELINDA moves th' obſequious Air,
The laughing Loves around her, all repair,
And while ſhe ſings, ſucceſsful try their Art,
For ev'ry Accent wings a fatal Dart:
Hence, all diſſolv'd, we ſicken in the Sound,
And bleed with Joy, nor know how great's the Wound;
The charming Poiſon thrills in ev'ry Vein,
Nor feel we more the Pleaſure or the Pain;
Thus dying Martyrs burn in barb'rous Fires,
And ſmile with great Delight, while Life expires.

O where ſhall vanquiſh'd Man for Refuge fly,
Slain by your Song, and conquer'd by your Eye?
No more AMPHION's Lyre ſhall now be fam'd,
Nor ORPHEUS (celebrated long) be nam'd:

Old

Old worn-out Tales, which Fiction firſt begun,
And long like Truth the ſmooth Romance has run;
But now no longer ſhall th' Enchantment hold,
Hence Truth ſhall reign, nor Fables more be told:
For hearing you, BELINDA, we confeſs
You merit more, ſince you perform no leſs;
One with his Song th' infernal Regions warm'd,
And Hell of all it's Furies ſtood diſarm'd;
While he in moving Numbers ſought his Wife,
And beg'd the Powers to give her back to Life;
Stern *Proſerpine*, relenting, heard his Pray'r,
And from the ſtygian Shades return'd the Fair.
Strange Charms of Sound, that Fate's ſtrong Laws
[ſubdue,
In ORPHEUS fabled, in BELINDA true.
Obedient to her Voice, the Furies ceaſe
Their mad uproar, and Rage is huſh'd to Peace:
Wild, ſavage Hearts, to Tameneſs ſink, ſurpris'd;
And rugged Breaſts grow ſoft and humaniz'd.
Her Glance can ſtrike the ſtubborn Gazer ſlain,
Her Voice can call him back to Life again.
THE fiction'd Lyre could draw the Stones along,
And Temples roſe, and Walls were built by Song;

With

With Speed, unlooſen'd Rocks came rolling down,
And as he play'd, jump'd haſty to a Town;
But you, BELINDA, Life with Motion give,
Teach Stones to ſigh, and make the Rocks to live;
As from your Tongue, the pow'rful Muſick parts,
Earth turns to Soul, and Flints diſſolve to Hearts:
Let *Thebes* it's Wonders from AMPHION take,
He made a Town, but you a People make.

The

The 22d ODE *of the First Book of* HORACE *Tranſlated.*

THE Man whoſe Reaſon is unſtain'd,
Whoſe Heart is upright and unblam'd;
May travel over burning Sands,
Or uninhabitable Lands.

IF over *Caucaſus* he goes,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaſpes* flows,
He need not guard his Innocence,
With Bows and Darts, the Moor's Defence;
Nor loaden Quiver by his Side,
With poiſon'd Arrows be ſupply'd.

FOR as my LALAGEN I ſung,
I heedleſs chanc'd to wander on,
Beyond my Bounds, and while I ſtray'd
The Sabine Woods, of nought afraid,

A Wolf

A Wolf my careleſs Steps alarm'd,
But fled me, tho' I was unarm'd.

WHATEVER horrid Monſter roves,
Within APULIA's Oaken Groves,
Or o'er NUMIDIA's parched Plains,
Where brinded Lyons ſhake their Manes;
The Juſt may travel dauntleſs there,
For Innocence has nought to fear.

LAY me beneath the polar Skies,
In froſty Fields, and Scenes of Ice,
Where bleaky Arbors ſtand in Snow,
Nor feel the Summer Zephyr blow.

OR lay me, where the burning Sun
Flames fiercely thro' the torrid Zone,
Whoſe ſcorching Beams deny a Place
For Habitant, beneath his Rays.
Still pleas'd, I'll ſmile, and talk, and ſing,
And love my charming LALAGEN.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE FRIENDSHIP which no Time [can e'er deface
It's Source is Virtue; Honour is [it's Baſe.
No Fortune governs, and no Int'reſt [binds,
The ſocial Bands of Love in noble Minds.
Low grov'ling Souls may wear the brutal Ties,
Of craving Senſe, and avaricious Vice;
Theſe ſoon are broke, with ev'ry turn of Fate
Then all the fierce Affection ends in Hate.
But nobler Views the laſting Laws maintain,
In gen'rous Breaſts, where Truth and Honour reign;

There

There, pureſt Flames in native Luſtre glow,
Purg'd from the groſſer Elements below.
No cloſe Reſerves the ſocial Heart controul,
But Freedom kindly opens out the Soul;
Nor ſordid Int'reſt checks the warm Deſire
Nor taints the Thought, nor clouds the lambent Fire;
But in his Friend each gen'rous Man is bleſt,
And finds himſelf within Another's Breaſt;
For private Ends, true FRIENDSHIP ſtill denies,
When Self turns home, that Moment FRIENDSHIP dies.

IN ancient Times, when Life and Love were long,
(If we may Credit give to ancient Song,)
Then Words were faithful Copies of the Mind,
The Heart unveil'd, and Looks were undeſign'd:
Each Friend, his Thoughts without Reſtraint expreſt,
Nor kept one hid Reſerve within his Breaſt:
Thus FRIENDSHIP did it's utmoſt Vertex climb,
'Twas then (if e'er it was) a golden Time.
Alas! how far have theſe degenerate Days
Struck from that Path and trod in diff'rent Ways?
We look on other Times with other Eyes,
And each has learn'd his Heart a darling Vice.

No

No more our Boſoms feed the glorious Flame,
For all of FRIENDSHIP's loſt, except the Name,
And FRIENDSHIP now, and INT'REST are the ſame.

YET ſome remain, (alas the Number's few!)
Whoſe ſteady Feet, that ancient Path purſue;
Smit with the noble Love of VIRTUE, thoſe
Dare yet be Friends, tho' half the World are Foes.
Such Souls are they which ſtrict Alliance claim,
Meet Heart with Heart, and mingle Flame with Flame.
Together, theſe a boundleſs Flight can take,
Yet ſuch a Flight as TRUTH itſelf may make.
For no romantick Strain here ſwells the Mind,
But all is real, artleſs, undeſign'd:
The Tongue unskil'd in Compliments to flow,
Where Subſtance is poſſeſs'd, no need of ſhow.

THRICE happy Breaſts are thoſe, which thus maintain
True FRIENDSHIP's Laws, and wear the lib'ral Chain!
The ſordid Soul may grovel on below,
And feel no Joys, but thoſe the Senſes know:
The Great, in Pomp, may vainly ſwell with Pride,
True Friends are happier than the World beſide:
When each his Breaſt with mutual Freedom tells,
Nor Fault nor Virtue from his Friend conceals; Each

Each Joy, or anxious Care, in ev'ry State,
Delights them both, or both divide the Weight,
For both together ſtand oppos'd to Fate.

Ev'n LOVE itſelf upon this Union ſtands,
Or other Terms, are vainly joyn'd the Hands:
A Moment's Bliſs, the Fop may once procure,
But Senſe and Virtue, only muſt endure:
In FRIENDSHIP, who have beſt themſelves approv'd,
May plead the largeſt Merit to be lov'd;
'Tis true, that gawdy Tinſel wins the Vain,
But the ſlight Pleaſure ſoon concludes in Pain;
And yet too late the fatal Cheat appears,
We laugh one Day perhaps, then mourn for Years.

Two gen'rous Souls, alone each other draw,
'Tis FRIENDSHIP makes for LOVE, a laſting Law.
Happy the faithful Pair, who thus combine,
The ſweets of LOVE to FRIENDSHIP's ſtrength to join,
How melt their Souls, how ſoft their Moments fly!
How long their Proſpects of continued Joy!

Let all the Beaus, the Witlings of the Town,
The ſavage 'Squire, the Booby and the Clown,
In one groſs Heap, with Scorn, aſide be thrown,
For WORTH is happy in it's BRIDE, alone.

A Night-Contemplation,

In Imitation of MILTON's Stile.

——Deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum. VIRGIL.

UPON the gentle riſing of a Hill,
Beſet with lofty Trees, whoſe dark-ſome Boughs
Wav'd ſlow, and to the Fan of ruſtling Airs
Gave tender Voice, ſuch as might lull to reſt
The wearied Mind, or lift the ſtudious Soul
To Thoughts ſublime, and Contemplations high,
A *Sage*, for Wiſdom fam'd, his private walk
Selected, while the Works of Nature call'd

Thro'

Thro' the ſtill Eve, for Meditations deep.

* FIRST on the ſetting Sun he darts his Eye,
Whoſe Rays refracted thro' the dusky Wreaths
Of humid Clouds, with richeſt Colours paint,
And ſpread o'er all the Weſt a various Dye.
'Till Night began to wrap the Face of Things
In gentle Gloom, and with her ſhadowy Cone
Mount on the eaſtern Quarter of the Skies.
Then firſt the *Stars*, of Magnitude the Prime,
And rolling *Planets*, lighted up their Fires;
More numerous ſtill, 'till all the Firmament
Shone forth with Myriads, a ſtupendious Glow!
While the bright *Galaxy*, with ſhining white
Girt the wide Concave, as the Belt of Heaven.
But now the Moon, in clouded Majeſty
Paſt o'er th' Horizon, and with Silver Ray
Diſclos'd again, the Face of this Terrene,
And mixing with the pervious Shades of Night,
Call'd Nature forth, in ſofteſt Lights to ſhine.

THIS, when the raviſh'd Sage attentive view'd,
In the ſtretch'd Ken of deep Philoſophy,

* *The Hint of this Diſcription is taken from the Spectator.* No. 565.

Thus he began t'exclaim in ſacred Phraſe.
O great CREATOR! *when I meditate*
Theſe Heav'ns, the Work of thy Almighty Hands,
The Moon reſplendent, and her Train of Stars,
By thee enlighten'd, and by thee ordain'd;
Ah what is Man, that thou ſhould'ſt mindful be
Of him? Can Mankind merit thy regard?
MAKER *of this extended* UNIVERSE!
Compar'd with which, how ſmall an Atom ſeems
Ev'n our whole Syſtem, tho' a Sun and Worlds,
In it, have ſpacious Liberty to roll!
While thou by ſecret Laws their Motion guid'ſt,
Thro' unreſiſting Æther, rarely purg'd;
And by Projection and Attraction, bind'ſt
To deſtin'd Orbits, each revolving Sphere;
Harmonious and delectable, the Whole.
The Whole, how vaſt! how ſpacious! yet how ſmall,
When to yon fixed Firmament of Light,
I liſt my ſoaring Thought, and ev'ry Star
Swells to a Sun immenſe, around whoſe Orb,
New Planets dance, and other Syſtems turn?
Stupendious Range of rolling Worlds and Suns!

More

More num'rous than are Sands or Atoms here.
THUS, whilſt Imagination ſwift, pervades
Creation's Womb, and flies from Globe to Globe,
Prodigious length, unutterable Space!
Beyond what Time or Number can expreſs;
My drooping Fancy, flags her weary Wing,
While ſtill (perhaps) th' immeaſurable way,
She yet has paſs'd, or all that Thought could paſs
In twice ten thouſand Ages, would but ſeem
A Point, compar'd with the whole Univerſe:
And ſtill the Univerſe it ſelf, thus large,
Is but a Point, O DEITY! to thee.
Without Circumference, or Bound art thou,
Exiſting far beyond the Heaven of Heavens;
Full and compleat, eternal, infinite.
AH, how ſhall Man, vain Particle of Being!
Begirt thy Throne, Inhabitant immenſe!
Within whoſe Sight, (as Pendent from thy Hand,)
The SUM of Things, (beyond all human Thought,
In long progreſſive Æras to pervade,)
Hangs trembling, but a Spec of Entity.
What Figure then muſt human Species form

Amongſt th' Aſſemblage of created Worlds,
Low grov'ling on this dusky Spot of Earth?
But nothing can below thee lie conceal'd;
Minuteſt Eſſences eſcape not thee;
And great and little thou behold'ſt alike.
By thee the Frame indefinite, is mov'd;
By thee, theſe Suns are all replete with Light,
And emanate on all their circling Worlds;
Thou guid'ſt theſe Worlds, the whole is full of THEE.
Here, obvious on the Earth, thy Preſence dwells;
The vegitable Kingdoms, and the Realms
Of Species that exiſt progreſſive, down
Thro' Matter ſtill divided without End;
Beyond the niceſt ſearch of convex Glaſs,
Or Fancy's ſelf to follow, there art thou
Exiſting intimately; while the Voice
Of Nature, from her darkeſt Cells, acclaims
Thy Power far echoing thro' the vaſt of Heaven.
Let Man then joyn this univerſal Choir,
To lift thy Glory, Men and Angels joyn!
To praiſe and to proclaim thee ALL in ALL.

Peace

Peace *and* Retirement.

INSCRIB'D

To Mr. ROBERT WALKER,

Auguſt, 1729.

IN theſe cenſorious Days, when Thoſe [*delight*
To cenſure largely, who could never write,
What Author dares to hope he ſhall ſucceed,
When more are Criticks, *than have learn'd to read?*
Yet be thou kind, my Friend! at whoſe Deſire,
I call upon the MUSE, *and court her Fire:*
If thou approv'ſt, I care not who condemn,
The Rage of Coxcombs is the Road to Fame.

O Bear me far from Scenes of anxious Strife,
The Noiſe of Fools, and vexing Cares of Life!
While PEACE and calm RETIREMENT grace my Song;
To ſmootheſt Themes, the ſmootheſt Hours belong.
May ſleepleſs Nights be *W*------'s, to reſtrain
Th' ambitious Spirit of perfidious *Spain*;
With Fleets to guard *Gibraltar* and *Mahon*;
Or calm his jealous Enemies at Home:
And let the murm'ring Nation, Fears commence
From publick Conduct, and the Realm's Expence;
A ſweet Retirement from their Broils, be mine;
Not ſubject, or to glory, or repine.
Tho' ev'ry haughty Pow'r on Earth contend,
And each to be the Friend of Man pretend;
I leave the Friend of Mankind and the Foe,
To PROVIDENCE above, and GEORGE below.
COME, heav'nly Peace! dear Siſter of Content,
Calm thou the World, and hoſtile Woes prevent;
Reduce the Nations to thy bleſt Command,
And rule the Kingdoms with thy Olive Wand.
If thou withdraw'ſt thy Preſence from Mankind,
All Bliſs adieu, we give it to the Wind.

In

In ev'ry Boſom, thirſt of Vi'lence burns,
And Grief and Hatred rack the Mind by turns;
No ſocial Graces teach the Mein to ſhine,
But gloomy lours *the human face divine*;
The Poles are vex'd with more than Ice or Snow,
And fiercer Flames about th' Equator glow:
The Sword deſtructive gleams, and Cannons roar,
Where the white Harveſt ruſtling way'd before;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Husbandman beholds, agaſt,
His Labour ruin'd, and his Vintage Waſte;
His Hands have idly thrown the fruitleſs Grain,
The Grape grows full, the Citron blows, in vain.
Sad ſeat of War! nor more of Joy appears,
Where tender Orphans Cries, and Widow's Tears,
Teach lonely Shades, and ſilent Walls to mourn,
For Heroes who muſt never more return;
Scenes of black Grief, and ſolitary Woe,
Wring ev'ry Heart, and darken ev'ry Brow;
Each Morning lowrs, and heavy mounts to Noon,
And Ev'ning falls in melancholy Gloom:
By Night, no Joy the Bed can give the Bride,
But ſobbing o'er the dear forſaken Side,

The

The viſionary Sword before her gleams,
She ſhrieks in Sleep, and frighted, ſtarts in Dreams.
BUT when, celeſtial Virtue! thou deſcends,
The Furies ceaſe, and madding Diſcord Ends;
Each Boſom feels a Spring of Pleaſure flow,
And Grief and Sadneſs ſeek the Shades below;
Each Face renews the Charms of blooming Joy,
And gay Delight ſits ſparkling in each Eye:
No Fields of Bloody Glory fire the Mind,
But ſofter Scenes appear, and Days more kind.
The joyful Peaſant takes his Pipe again,
And thus renews his Numbers on the Plain.

Now blow ye Breezes, gentle Show'rs come down;
Dawn bright ye Morns, and kindly roll thou Sun;
Unlock your cryſtal Streamlets, ev'ry Spring,
Shine out ye Groves, ye feather'd Warblers ſing!
For now no more the anxious Hind ſhall rue,
What Flocks he bred, or gainleſs Cloſes ſew;
The Sower and the Reaper ſhall be one,
And all the Fullneſs of the Year our own;
PEACE *comes, and ſmiling Plenty tends her Way,*
And the glad Shepherd *hails the bliſsful Day.*

THUS

THUS ſings the Swain, and with a raptur'd Eye,
Surveys the Fields, or meditates the Skie:
While all the Great, and Wiſe, and Learn'd, retire,
And feel ſoft Solitudes, their Souls to fire.
Now lib'ral Arts begin afreſh to ſhine,
And Science opens out her Charms divine:
Some thro' the myſtick Ways of Nature run,
And ſearch the Source from whence her Laws begun:
The Mind's Receſſes, are by others ſought,
How Thought begins, and Actions follow Thought,
Others aloft expatiate o'er the Spheres,
Diſcry new Suns, and find out Worlds in Stars.
While Souls leſs ſtudious, ſeek a gentler Bliſs,
And melt in humbler Scenes of Happineſs:
The forward Youth who ſwell'd at Glory's Charms,
And dauntleſs, ſought his Foe in horrid Arms,
Or drench'd in Blood, reluctant left the Field,
Sheath'd the broad Sword, and ceas'd to poize the Shield;
Purſuits more humane, now become his Care,
His Prize is Beauty, and his Chace the Fair.
While the dear Nymph he leads from Grove to Grove,
His Heart beats thick with Tenderneſs and Love;

His

His Soul, which oft unmov'd has wag'd the Fight,
Lies all ſubdu'd to Beauty's ſtronger Might;
From Dream to Dream his raviſh'd Fancy's toſt,
And all the Warriour in the Lover's loſt.

How e'er Mankind may fill the Trump of Fame,
With Praiſe and Glory, all is but a Name;
For Happineſs, abroad we vainly roam,
Our ſolid Bleſſings are procur'd at Home,
In calm Retreats and ſilent Solitudes,
Where Pomp not dazles, nor the Crowd intrudes.
Happy the Man, who ſuch a State enjoys,
If ſuch a happy State he right employs;
The Mind there plac'd, Intent it ſelf ſurveys,
Looks back on Life, and ſcans our various Ways;
Examins all the Paſſions to their Source,
And teaches Reaſon to correct their Force.
Here VIRTUE firſt diſplays her Virgin-Charms,
Smites the rapt Soul, and all the Boſom warms:
Hail! holieſt, deareſt, lovelieſt, beſt of Things,
From thee, the Purity of Conſcience ſprings;
Thou o'er the Mind a grand Compoſure caſts,
Which neither Fools diſturb, nor ſlander blaſts;

Nor

Nor riſing Guſts of popular Applauſe,
Nor the dire Venom thrown from Envy's Jaws,
Exalts the Thought on Clouds of vain Deceit,
Or damps the Soul, eſtabliſh'd to be great:
Fixt on ſtrong Truth her laſting Pleaſures grow
While Jarrs and Jangle paſs unheard below.
O peaceful *Virtue!* all the Graces wait,
Thy ſweet Retirements and adorn thy State;
The Land is more than bleſt, that thee contains,
Its Hills are Eden, Paradiſe its Plains:
Thou mixeſt Æthiopia's Heats with Joys,
And warm'ſt the Scythian Snows, and Zembla's Ice;
Thou ſmooth'ſt the Main and mak'ſt the Deſart ſmile,
And call'ſt forth Olives on the barren Soil.
O give me, gracious Pow'rs! a Silvan Seat,
A peaceful Manſion in ſome cloſe Retreat;
Where led by Love of Solitude, thro' Shades,
And Fields, and ſpreading Groves, and opening Glades;
There clear my Sight, and teach my Eyes to ſee,
Thy Ways, O *Truth!* and *Virtue* find with thee.
Sequeſter'd from the Grief and tort'ring Cares,
Of human Life, and all its dire Affairs,

Teach

Teach me to find the Thing ſo little known,
Divine *Content*, and purchaſe it my own.
And O if there be yet a Bleſſing more,
It is to have a Friend or two in ſtore,
With a kind Partner from the ſofter Fair,
To melt my Heart, and ſooth my Soul from Care;
To ſweeten the ſtern Mein of deep Diſcourſe,
Or gently to unbend my ſtudious Hours;
With kind Endearments, tender Paſſions move,
And all the bliſsful Joys of virtuous Love.

NOR ſhall I then forget the tuneful Throng,
Nor ceaſe th' enchanting Ways of ſacred Song;
The Muſe forever covets Silvan Shades,
Green Banks, and purling Streams, and flow'ry Beds;
She bids the Man, whoſe Boſom ſhe deſigns
Shall be productive of immortal Lines:
The jangling Crowds of buſy Towns to ſhun,
And into Groves and rural Cots to run;
There opening out her Charms, without controul,
Raptures the Heart, and raviſhes the Soul.

POPE thus, while Windſor's Breezes fann'd his Flame,
Shot up to Praiſe, and ripen'd into Fame:

And

And thus magiſtick DENHAM's Breaſt was ſtung,
On COOPER's Hill, with vi'lent Love of Song.
When from the verdant Steep, the *Thames* he ey'd,
In limpid Lapſe, and Silver Waves to glide;
" Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
" Strong without Rage, without o'er-flowing full.
Nor can the Muſe her COWLEY's Name forget,
Ah, ſtill with ſighs ſhe recollects his Fate,
With Love of Meads and Fields, too warmly fir'd,
He ſhot beyond the Life ſo much deſir'd;
Perhaps ſome heav'nly Muſe attends him now,
On Plains, where never-fading Verdures grow.
Oh ADDISON! thee next the Muſe deplores,
For all her Charms were thine, and all her Stores,
Ere thy great Genius from the World withdrew,
How Poeſie flouriſh'd, how young Poets grew,
Bays, round an hundred Heads began to ſpeed,
And ev'ry blitheſome Shepherd tun'd his Reed;
Sweet paſt'ral Lays on ev'ry Plain were known,
And ev'ry Lay begun from ADDISON.
But now no more the raviſh'd Breaſt is fir'd,
In ADDISON the Muſes all expir'd,

His

His Elegy, the laſt that TICKEL ſung,
And POPE no more provokes the tuneful Throng,
But careleſs ſeems of further Praiſe, while GAY
Sooths the dull Town with Sing-ſang Opera;
Of wretched Taſte, the woeful Evidence,
Of dearth of Wit, and mighty loſs of Senſe.
O might ſome Portion of that heav'nly Flame
Deſcend, to rouze the ſlumbring World again,
To ſet the Mind upon her ancient Heights,
And bid the Muſe to tour ſublime her Flights,
To fill the Soul with Sentiments refin'd;
And baniſh tuneful Nonſenſe from Mankind.

To Mr. G——m;

On his Deſign of furniſhing the Town of S——d *with the Publick News Papers.*

HAD I the Fire of ancient Sibils,
And ev'ry Muſe 'twixt *Pope*'s and [*Tibbald*'s,
Then launch'd into prophetic Phraſe,
In gliding Verſe and flowing Lays,
I ſhould be qualified to Show,
What wond'rous change this Town ſhall know,
By your Deſign, dear Colonel!
What Ignorance it ſhall expel:
How Wit ſhall kindle up it's Taper,
In ev'ry Head from ev'ry Paper,

And Politicks be canvas'd o'er,
Where Politicks were ne'er before.
AND, Pow'rs immortal! can it be,
That this great Theme ſhould fall to me?
To celebrate in tuneful Rhyme,
Thy Acts, and wake thy Fame, O *G*——*m*!
Thy Fame once up, it ne'er ſhall ſink,
While thou haſt Wine, or I have Ink.
THO' Thanks abundance, thou wilt give,
Sure thou more juſtly may'ſt receive;
For as my Numbers I purſue,
Methinks I kindle at the View;
Rapt into future Times, I ſee
The Gain of us (thy Gueſts) and thee;
But great is ours, compar'd with thine,
The little Profit of thy Wine,
Our Gain is of a nobler kind,
More rational, and more refin'd;
We come to view, and learn to know,
How the World goes, and how 'twill go;
Nor did that mighty Chief, whoſe Glory,
So brightly blazes in old Story,

So many Realms and Manners ſee,
In all his famous Tour, as we;
We, who need rarely ſtir abroad,
Beyond the *Hills* to view the *Road*,
Aſſiſted by thy News, can ſtretch
Our Sight beyond the Glaſſes reach,
And without trav'ling, can extend,
Our Views to Earth's remoteſt End.
O'er diff'rent Climes each Reader ranges,
The Poles, the Indies, and the Ganges;
And ſees the Courts of all the Nations,
Their Strength, their Genius, and their Faſhions;
The Riches, Policy, and Trafick,
Of *Europe*, *Aſia*, and of *Afric*.
Great Sphere of Learning, boundleſs Knowledge,
Beyond the Reach of School or College;
By which we're taught to raiſe, at once,
Our Thoughts from Coal-Pits, up to Thrones,
And lift our Minds from Talk with *Maſters*,
Or vulgar *Keelmen* and their *Caſter*'s
To high Diſputes of Peace and Wars,
'Mongſt Powers, and Kings, and Emperors;

Th' Additions, Explanations, Flaws,
Amends of Bills, and Acts, and Laws.
SEE from what Pens, our News approaches,
And diff'rent Hands give diff'rent Touches;
With various Stile and Elegance,
Each Author propagates his Senſe;
One ſhows his Wit in *Admirations*,
Or quotes, and then makes Applications,
Or ſhoots againſt prime Miniſters,
In ſmall Italick Characters;
Another, to it roundly falls,
In certain Words, all Capitals;
Thus Fowlers o'er their Prey prevail,
And kill with Bullets, or with Hail.
But of all Monſters that ſtare at us,
That Chaſm, which Scholars name *Hiatus*,
Does moſt our lab'ring Wits confound;
All Penetration, there is drown'd;
So puzled *Hobbs*, did once enquire
Into the *Peak* of *Derbyſhire*,
But could not for his Blood and Soul,
Find out the Depth of *Elden-Hole*.

But

But this I leave, as more have done,
A Hint to be commented on.
SEE, where upon the Table laid,
Each Paper by itſelf is ſpread;
There Ev'ning Poſts or Votes appear,
A Pamphlet or a Gazette here;
The Britiſh Journal, Written Letter,
Or old *Stone-caſtle*'s new Spectator,
Next ſtrike the View, while ſome are loſt,
Which to read firſt, or praiſe the moſt;
But others warm'd with Party-Zeal,
For this, or that, a longing feel.
And ev'ry Reader is divided,
In Judgment, as his Notion's guided;
Thus as ideally we ſtray,
Each is a Critick in his way,
Or wiſely int'rogates, or anſwers,
About the myſtick Senſe of *D'Anvers*;
Some think he writes with force of Reaſon,
And others judge his Paper, Treaſon:
One cries his poignancy encreaſes,
And *W*——— is cut all to Pieces;

Another laughs, and ſays 'tis faint,
For *W*—— is an Adamant.
NEXT Judgment's paſs'd on *Miſt*'s Succeſſor,
Of all his Wit a juſt Poſſeſſor;
Whoſe mighty Intellects inherit,
A double Portion of his Spirit:
With myſtic Sneer and Heſitation,
Againſt the Rulers of the Nation,
He vents his comick Spleen, no Treaſon,
To any Reader void of Reaſon.
O could I ſpeak his Excellences,
His ſolid Head, and weighty Senſes,
How much they aid him in his ſinking,
Into a vaſt profound of Thinking!
Like that unfathom'd Inclination,
Philoſophers call Gravitation,
Which brings down Miſts and Fogs below,
And makes their Diſtillations flow,
Which downwards draws all Parts of Matter,
And adds all Force and Weight to Nature.
And as that Property, in vain,
The Learn'd are puzled to explain,

So what's his Drift, or what's his meaning,
Is much too deep for my obtaining;
And ſince my Thoughts cannot ſurround him
I leave him in the Place I found him.

And next, if all my skill could draw,
(My skill ſhould all be ſhown, to ſhow)
The great Advantage, which in ſpight
Of all that all ill Writers write,
Shall ſoon accrue to us, but Striplings,
In Politicks, in Wit, but Witlings;
As we the diff'rent Senſe peruſe,
Of ev'ry Writer that writes News;
How we ſhall ripen and refine,
And ſee the World about us ſhine;
Each Part diſplay'd, as each Part varies,
As plain as Words in Dictionaries.
Bleſt with the Proſpect of ſuch Science,
We hold all others at defiance;
We envy not the Mathematick
Art unpolite, pedantick Topick!
Nor wiſh our ſelves Aſtronomers,
To ramble up and down the Stars;

Nor with Philoſophy to cheat
The human Mind with vain Deceit.
What is't to us if Men or Satyrs,
People the Moon, or other Creatures?
Or if the Sun be fluid Gold,
Or Hell enrag'd, as others hold?
It is enough for us to know
What ſolid Gold he breeds below;
And how about that Mettal, Princes
Scare one another from their Senſes,
While each is try'd, or ſtrong, or feeble,
And Hell's ſtirr'd up amongſt the People.
Sure Men are mad as *Alexander*,
To Stars for other Worlds to wander,
When they're in one, none can deny it,
A greater than they can keep quiet.
O Pride of Mortals, who ſhall tame thee,
When all the Earth cannot contain thee?
Wild Beaſts, thro' Foreſts only ſtray,
Or make the Wilderneſs their way;
For ſtill will Hills or Vales ſurround them,
Or Lakes, or Seas, or Oceans, bound them:

Ev'n

Ev'n Birds, the Denizens of Air,
Are ſtinted by the Atmoſphere;
But Man, that moſt prodigious Creature,
Ungovernable in his Nature,
Breaks o'er all Fences unconfin'd,
And Scales the Heav'ns with lofty Mind,
Each Place in Space infinite changes,
And without *ne plus ultra* ranges.

YET, tho' our Tempers be ſo various,
Thy Papers, *G——m!* ſo multifarious,
Shall entertain that roving Spirit,
And keep it on the Earth, or near it;
Such diff'rent Themes, and diff'rent Tidings,
From ev'ry Spot of Man's Reſidings,
Shall fix our Thoughts and charm our Eyes,
While we all grow polite and wiſe,
More Sage than deep Metaphiſicians,
All Councellors, all Politicians.
How can it miſs, when ev'ry Land,
Shall give its Knowledge to our Hand?
Each Town, each Court in ev'ry Quarter,
From *Peru* to the ſavage Tartar,

With

With all their Secrets ſhall accoſt us,
And pay their Tribute to thy Poſt-Houſe.
Ev'n great Deſigns and mighty Things,
Shall from the Cloſets break, of Kings,
And Schemes laid deep in dark Diſguiſe,
Shall be unravel'd to our Eyes;
Nay ſcarce a Miniſter may breathe,
Or Infant Prince ſhall get his Teeth,
But o'er the Seas, the Winds ſhall blow it,
And we immediately ſhall know it.

If Storms and Tempeſts beat the Coaſt
And ſwell the Main, and Ships be loſt:
Or Prodigies awaken Wonder,
Or Ætna from her Entrails Thunder;
What People live to good old Age,
Or who untimely leaves the Stage;
With other deep Intelligences,
Of Duels fought and raviſh'd Wenches,
Of Windows broke and Watchmen kickt,
Of Mobs enrag'd, and Pockets pickt;
What ever Time or Fate unfold,
All, quickly to us will be told.

WHAT foreign Soils produce in Spice,
To us, ſhall travel in a Trice;
What Trees weep Balm, what Amber flows,
What Coral reddens, Ruby glows;
What Stones, what Pearls of Price are found,
And what Tobacco ſtocks the Ground
Of Indian Planters, and what Canes,
Are like to crown the Labier's Pains;
What Oranges in *China* grow,
Or near *Seville* incline the Bough;
Thee *Seville!* growing Child of Fame,
Whom ſome admire and others blame;
Theſe blaſt thy Praiſe, O Town! what Pity,
All love thy Fruit, but not thy Treaty,
Fruit! that which Poets ſung of old,
Heſperian, vegitable Gold!
Smit with the Flavour of thy Juice,
But we, than they, know more thy Uſe,
In Punch, for making Noddles merry
Beyond the Blood of Grape or Berry.
BUT I degreſs, and fear my Song,
Has for a Letter been too long,

So

So begging Pardon for what's o'er,
I promiſe to offend no more.
Here ends the Tenour of my Verſe,
There is much better and much worſe.

On

On Sr. RICHARD STEELE'S *Chriſtian HERO.*

'TWAS nobly dar'd in theſe degen'rate Days
By ſuch a Work as this to merit Praiſe:
To free the Soul from prejudic'd Miſtake,
And teach the Mind it's Errours to forſake.
To ſet up Chriſtian Strength before our Eyes,
And learn us, Roman Greatneſs to deſpiſe.
METHINKS I now the modern Deiſt ſee,
Arm'd with his REASON and PHILOSOPHY,
Unfold

Unfold thy Page, and with malignant Leer,
Survey the Name, and read it with a Sneer.
And bent on Mirth, or to divert his Spleen,
Reſolves to view the ſtupid Stuff within;
But charm'd with Eloquence, and manly Proſe,
Soon graver turns and more attentive grows.
He ſhortly finds his haſty Cenſure vain,
And feels leſs Joy in Sentiments profane.
Surpriz'd, he ſees new Arguments prevail,
And REASON prove itſelf, as Nature, frail.
His dictates of Morality leſs lov'd
He finds, and bright RELIGION ſtands approv'd;
When he beholds firm *Cato*'s Conſtancy,
His Strength, his Precepts, and Philoſophy,
The ſteady Hate of CASSIUS, BRUTUS' Zeal,
And ev'ry boaſted Roman Virtue fail,
When deſtitute of all his ſelf ſupplies,
The Heathen HERO baſely ſinks and dies.
Abaſh'd, he feels a Sting of gen'rous Pain,
That bids him own his Principles are vain,
Than Artifice, his Fortitude no more.
That flies the Criſis of a trying Hour;

But

But vacant of himſelf, he now purſues
A glorious Path, and more extended Views:
New Scenes of awful Goodneſs ſtrike his Eyes,
For here he ſees the CHRISTIAN HERO riſe;
What e'er the Roman in his Theory taught,
Is here improv'd and into Practice brought.
Here GRACE perfects, what REASON firſt began,
And GOD ſupplies the weak Defects of Man.
The HERO bravely dares with juſt Diſdain
The Perils of the Land, and of the Main.
And what the baffled Heathen ſought to flie
The Gallant Chriſtian meets with Smiles of Joy:
No Bolts, or Chains, are grievous to his Limbs,
But where the Roman groan'd, the Chriſtian Hymns.
With ſtrength of Faith he beats his Sorrows down,
And firmly Eyes his bright immortal Crown.

AN

ESSAY

Upon the ART of

POETRY.

Written An° Dom° 1728.

Musarum & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetq; poetam:
Quid deceat, quid non, quò virtus, quò ferat error. HOR.

AN

ESSAY

ON

POETRY.

* F all ill Writers, by the Critics curſt,
Bad Poets are undoubtedly the worſt;
Who, in the Spite of Genius, ſtrive to chime
In Strains as poor and lean as *Pharaoh*'s Kine.

* *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non homines, non dii, non conceſſere columnæ.
Si paulùm à ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum. HOR.

But thoſe, whoſe Fortune, better Stars proclaim,
Who feel the Touches of celeſtial Flame,
* By whom the Soul is lifted and refin'd,
They merit loud applauſe from all Mankind.
BUT while with vain Deſire vaſt Numbers ſtray,
Few find the happy Genius of the Way;
Such as of old was known the ſacred Road,
Where HOMER travel'd, and where VIRGIL trod:
And ſuch as ſince, in later Times was known,
To lead a MILTON and an ADDISON.
Whoſe ſtrains Divine, far future Sons ſhall fire,
And thouſand Ages yet to come, admire.
You, who would learn to imitate their Lays,
Hear kindly, what my friendly Muſe eſſays,
Tho' ſhe on ſlender Wings, attempts to riſe,
And diffident, revolves her enterprize.
HARD is the Task when Counſel is deſign'd:
Such is the Pride of the moſt empty Mind,

It

* *Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,*
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri, leges incedere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. ——— HOR.

It hates Advice, † and would be thought to know
As well as you, perhaps and better too:
Thus ev'ry Fool eſteems your Precepts ſtuff,
And each poor vacant Head is wiſe enough;
‡ And let it ſo remain, the gen'rous Heart
Shall kindly take what Friendſhip can impart.
* Our Thoughts on Things in various Manners fall,
And nothing taſtes exact alike to all:
The Man of Senſe is pleas'd with nat'ral Thoughts,
And Fools are always proud of finding Faults.
‖ Mankind attains Delight by diff'rent Ways;
One likes to ſneer, another likes to praiſe;
A third in raving Madneſs loves to grieve;
Thus all Men's nat'ral Tempers feed and live.
NOT damp'd at this, the Muſe begins her flight,
And braves the Riſque of ev'ry Critic's ſpite.

† *Adhuc neminem cognovi poetam, qui ſibi non optimus videretur.*
CIC. Tuſc. 5.

‡ *Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere, malles;*
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam inſumebat inanem,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.
HOR.

* *Mille hominum Species & rerum diſcolor uſus.*
Velle ſuum cuique eſt, nec voto vivitur uno.
PERS. Sat. 5.

‖ *Quot homines, tot ſententiæ; ſuus cuiq; mos.*
TER. Phor.

To trace thoſe Paths, which have been travel'd o'er
By HORACE, BUCKINGHAM, and POPE, before;
Bleſt Poets, whom the ſacred Nine inſpir'd,
Their Genius lifted, and their Raptures fir'd.
Raſh my Deſign! nor am I yet ſo vain,
To match with theſe, or think to rival them:
But while Mankind allows they all excel
In * Nature's Maſter-piece of Writing well;
The Muſe permits, and prompts me to purſue
In humbler flights, and warms me at the view;
And tho' th' attempt be bold, the Labour hard,
The glorious Toil ſhall be its own reward;
To ſing, and imitate ſuperior Lays,
Shall purchaſe Pleaſure, if it win no Praiſe.

THEN know, tho' Verſe, in vain that Mortal tries,
Whoſe Genius leads not, and whoſe Star denies;
† Yet ſtill a Mind, from Heav'n with Genius fir'd,
Stands need of human Means, and Arts acquir'd,
No Art without it, ever could excel,
Nor Genius void of Art can thrive ſo well:

* Let

---

* *Nature's chief Maſter-Piece, is Writing well.*
D. BUCK. Eſſ. Po.

† *Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,*
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium. HOR.

* Let both conſpire, but let the foremoſt reign,
And long as *Homer*'s, ſhall your Verſe remain;
The lateſt Times, you happy Strains ſhall pleaſe,
And ev'ry Age your gath'ring Fame encreaſe.

CONSIDER Nature well, before you ſtart,
And take your skill from her to judge of Art;
She is the Source, whence all true Beauties flow,
And what is merit, ſhe firſt made it ſo:
Hence, you will learn with Juſtice to deſpiſe
Thoſe mean Conceits which vulgar Readers prize.

IF Nature has deſign'd you for the Muſe,
She will not fail to charm you with her views;
Still as you follow, ſhe'll invite you more,
And make that Pleaſure, which was toil before;
Be this the Teſt whereon to prove your force,
Your love of Nature, is your Vein for Verſe.

† IN the firſt Ages, while Mankind were bleſt
With eaſy Labour and ſucceſſive Reſt;

---

* *Alterius ſic*
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicè. HOR.

† *Aurea prima ſata eſt ætas. Sine militis uſu*
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes. OVID.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere ſabini,
Hanc Remus & frater. VIRG.

Ere haughty Monarchs learn'd to ſwell in State,
Or wretch'd amidſt diſſembling Flatt'rers ſat;
When happy Courts were held on ſmiling Plains,
And Kings were Shepherds, and their Princes Swains.
When trains of Nobles haunted Groves and Springs,
And Hearts were plain, and Crowns were eaſy Things.
Then Nature charm'd in all her various Dreſs,
And Time fled on in golden Years of Peace:
* Then firſt the Muſe eſſay'd her tender Voice,
And Rocks reply'd, and Hills return'd the Noiſe:
On Pipes of Reeds, the Royal Shepherds play'd,
Or ſung ſweet Numbers in the flow'ry Shade:
Of Nature's Laws, and Nature's Charms they ſung,
And ev'ry Grove with its own Praiſes rung.
Each Swain made his own Happineſs his Theme,
Inſpir'd by ev'ry Wood and ev'ry Stream.

In

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* "THE original of Poetry is aſcribed to that Age which ſuc-
"ceeded the Creation of the World; and as the Keeping of Flocks
"ſeems to have been the firſt Employment of Mankind, the moſt
"ancient ſort of Poetry was probably Paſtoral. 'Tis natural to
"imagin, that the leiſure of thoſe ancient Shepherds requiring
"ſome Diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary Life as Sing-
"ing; and that in their Songs they took Occaſion to celebrate
"their own Felicity, from hence a Poem was invented.

POPE's Diſc. on Paſt. Poetry.

In ev'ry Shade he found his Boſom warm,
For Shades could rapture, Woods and Streams could charm;
Then did the Muſe all beautiful appear,
Won ev'ry Heart, and raviſh'd ev'ry Ear;
No Points of Wit ſhe ſought, but nat'ral eaſe,
And unaffected, lively Images.
'Twas ſtrength of Genius on the Paſſions ſtole,
Smit the rapt Mind, and glow'd upon the Soul.
Ev'n yet, in ſpite of this degen'rate Age,
True Genius ſtill maintains its ſacred rage:
Down from far diſtant Times, to preſent Days,
The Muſe has born her never-dying Lays;
Her Fire ſtill pure, eternal lives her Flame,
And what ſhe was, forever is the ſame.
Her Genius ſoars, deſpiſing to ſubmit
To little gothick Ornaments of Wit:
Who feels the Touch of her inſpiring Ray,
Sees the mean Track, and ſcorns to tread the Way.
And as of old, ſhe yet delights on Plains,
In rural Solitudes, and bow'ry Scenes:

* There

* There leads her Sons, and makes her Numbers heard,
And ſhows how once the beauteous World appear'd,
Back, thro' devouring Time their Thoughts are caſt,
And live in Years an hundred Ages paſt.

HENCE the beſt Poets firſt the Muſe aſſail,
In rural Shades, and eaſy Paſtoral;
But gath'ring Strength, by juſt Degrees ariſe,
And with the Lark, exchange the Plains for Skies.
† Immortal MARO thus begins with Swains,
In TITYRUS' and MELIBÆUS' ſtrains;
Firſt his young Muſe appears a Silvan Maid,
And ſings two Shepherds in a beechen Shade;
But leaving theſe, ſhe rides thro' Storms and Floods,
With Heroes fights, and thunders with the Gods.
And thus, a ‖ Bard, in later Times inſpir'd,
(To *Windſor*'s bliſsful Plains and Shades retir'd;)
On *Thames*' delightful Banks, his Numbers try'd,
Now DAPHNIS ſpoke, and STREPHON then reply'd:

But

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* *Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes,*
Rite cliens Bacchi ſomno gaudentes & umbrâ.
HOR. *Ep.* 2. *Lib.* 2.

† *Vide Virg.* 1 *Ecl.* ‖ *Mr.* POPE.

But ſoon in higher Flights his Muſe was known,
And all the mighty Iliad made his own:
For him, had Fate th' Odyſſey kept ſo long,
For him ULYSSES rang'd, and HOMER ſung.
Let this be then your unambitious Aim,
Firſt to make Woods, and Hills, and Springs, your Theme:
From wild Conceits theſe Subjects are moſt free,
And teach you beſt, the old Simplicity;
There, learn to flow in Verſe, from ev'ry Stream,
And Plains, draw ſweet variety from them,
Vales will teach lowlineſs, and Mountains, height;
Thoſe to depreſs, and theſe to raiſe your Flight;
What's ſoft and mild, kind Breezes will inform;
And what is fierce and rough, the raging Storm.
Hence true Diſtinction you'll attain to know,
What hurries on too faſt, or laggs too ſlow;
What to deny the Muſe, and what to grant,
And how to curb her Rage by juſt reſtraint;
She, of her ſelf, will keep no Bounds entire,
Your Art muſt be to regulate her Fire.
Now to indulge her Flights, and now to tame,
To ſoften gently, but not quench her Flame:

On

On either Hand a fatal Errour lies,
This gives too much, and that too much denies.
* Here Nature's dwarft, and in a Pigmy ends,
† And ſwelling there, a Giant's Bulk aſcends.
THE Muſes, like the Horſes of the Sun,
Demand a *Phœbus*, not a *Phaeton*;
A ſteady Judgment guides the ſacred Glow,
Nor lets it blaze too high, nor burn too low:
Shun all Extreams, ‡ the middle Path-way chuſe,
'Tis ſafe, and there Succeſs attends the Muſe.
Not that in one dull Line you ſtill muſt run,
And in the ſame poor Strain ſtill grovel on;
Obſerve what Images you are to draw,
For theſe muſt ſteer your Courſe and be your Law:
‖ Your Images muſt be preciſely known,
Before a true Deſcription can be drawn:
When once the Mind has juſt Ideas gain'd,
They're then, and not 'till then, with eaſe explain'd.

When

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* *Serpit humi tutus nimium timiduſq; procella.* HOR.
† *profeſſus grandia turget.* Idem.
‡ *Medio tutiſſimus ibis.* OVID. Met. B. 2.

‖ *Rem tibi ſocraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ,*
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur. HOR.

When theſe are humble, ſink in lowly Rhyme,
When theſe are high, aſcend the great Sublime:
But in the laſt, with Care avoid that Vice,
Of ſwelling, unintelligible Noiſe.
'Tis not vain Pomp of Words, or bluſt'ring ſound,
Where great and true Sublimity is found:
It is a Majeſty of Genius charms,
Shines without glaring, without burning warms:
A ſecret Spirit breathing thro' the whole,
That dawns in ev'ry Part, a vig'rous Soul.
SOME Authors fill'd with greater Heat than Senſe,
Miſtake groſs Fuſtian for true Eloquence;
On ev'ry Subject, they begin to write,
* They ſtill are wrapt in Clouds and out of Sight:
† On ev'ry Trifle they their Pomp diſcharge,
As if all Beauty were in being large;
Or no Diſtinction could be made between
A Pigmy's ſqueak, and bell'wing Polypheme.
But tho' with this no Reader can diſpenſe,
To find your Words too mighty for your Senſe:

‡ Yet

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* *Aut dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.* HOR.
† *Grande aliquid quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.*
PERS. Sat. 1.

‡ Yet ſome Deſcriptions to be drawn aright,
Require the loftieſt Strains, and boldeſt Flight;
The Muſe may then her ſtrongeſt Pinions try,
Nor can ſhe be too great, nor ſoar too high.
Yet ſtill 'tis fit, whatever Heights ſhe climb,
To mount with eaſe, or falſe is her ſublime;
She muſt not ſeem with mighty Ragings ſtrain'd,
Or that her Greatneſs is with Labour gain'd;
But in her high Career, ſhe ſits ſupream,
Match for her Height, and equal to her Theme.
† Thus HOMER's Muſe, when angry JOVE deſcends,
And on Mount *Ida*'s Top his Terrour bends;
She riſes in the Vengeance of his Ire,
And cloaths her ſelf with Thunder and with Fire;
The Verſe, in Flames and dreadful Lightnings ſhines,
And ev'ry *Grecian* trembles in his Lines.
Such Flights, our Dread and Admiration move,
But ev'ry Subject is not angry *Jove*;
* A diff'rent Theme, will diff'rent Lights require,
A milder Fury, and a gentler Fire.

OB-

‡ *Omnia quæ magna ſunt atque admirabilia, tempus aliquod quo primum efficerentur, habuerint.* QUINTIL. lib. 12. c. 11.
† *Vide* HOM. IL. lib. 8.
* *Singula quæque locum tenant ſortita decenter.* HOR.

OBSERVE how *Phœbus* rules the various Year,
And turns the Seaſons, as he turns his Sphere:
How regular he keeps the heav'nly Way,
The God of Poetry as well as Day.
Make him your Rule, who over Verſe preſides,
And guide your Muſe as he his Chariot guides.

WHEN he deſigns to give the World the Spring,
The Flow'rs to bloſſom, and the Birds to ſing;
Thro' the warm Equinox he ſweetly gleams,
And mellows the hard Glebe with gentle Beams:
By ſoft Degrees he gives the Buds to blow,
And Streams refine, more limpid as they flow;
Denſe blaſts of Wind wax unperceiv'd more rare,
And Zephyrs melt to milder Breathes of Air.

BUT when the Summer Seaſon he beſtows,
He mounts, and more mageſtically glows;
No more, mild Rays, his fierce Effuſion pours,
Nor melts the rolling Cloud in vernal Show'rs:
His fiery Beams ſurprize the thirſty Plain,
And gentle Morning Dews deſcend in vain.

BUT when the Winter's bleak approach draws near,
He then retires, and leaves the hoary Year;

His

His Beams oblique, with fainting languor ſhine,
In diſtant Skies, far Southward of the *Line*.
On Rocks of Ice his feeble light'ning plays,
Nor melt they down, but gather in his Rays.
SUCH is the various Courſe your Muſe muſt ſteer,
And always juſt, and natural appear.
Soft be the Verſe, when gentle Spring's the Theme,
But hoary Winter asks a hoarſer Strain;
Impetuous Floods and headlong Rivers, call
The haſty Verſe to hurry down their fall;
But the calm Stream that ſcarce appears to Flow,
Glides on in Words, ſmooth, eaſy, ſtill, and ſlow.
Not thus deſcribe the ſtretching Courſer's Flight,
That ſcours the Plain, and ſlips beyond the Sight.
NOR only Things, in proper Words expreſs,
But ev'ry Paſſion has its nat'ral Dreſs.
* If ſmiling Love's the Subject, let the Muſe,
The ſofteſt Words, and melting Accents chuſe;
Mix a kind Languor in each eaſy Line,
And teach her Fires with gentle glow to ſhine:

In*

* *Conſuetaque verba:*
Blanda tamen, preſens ut videare loqui.
OV. de Ar. Aman. lib. 1.

In tender Thoughts let ev'ry Verſe appear,
Warm in the Strain as in the Heart they were.
The fair Delight not in a Stile that's fierce,
And melting Love retires from pompous Verſe.
* No boiſt'rous Storms invade the Cyprian Iſle,
But bliſsful Calms and balmy Seaſons ſmile;
Indulgent Gales in ſighing Zephirs blow,
Flow'rs never fade, and Blooms eternal glow.
† AND next to this, dejected Grief appears,
Mourns in deep Wailings, and diſſolves in Tears;
Soft as the Strains of Love, but glides more ſlow,
In ſolemn Gloom, and ſad conſuming woe;
The Numbers in low Lamentations moan,
With Thoughts to move, and Words to melt a Stone.
‡ But when mad Rage its dire Reſentments ſpeaks,
In ſudden Fire, the Muſe her Numbers breaks;
In haſte ſhe looſes out the flying Rein,
Deſtruction rouls, and Ruin ſwells the Strain:

* *Vide* Claudian's *Court of* Venus.

† ——— *Triſtitia mœſtum*
Vultum verba decent. ——— HOR.
——— ‡ *Iratum plena minarum.* Idem.

A thouſand Ways of Death are view'd by turns,
And all the Fury maddens as it burns:
In ev'ry Verſe the Vengeance mounts up higher,
'Till all the Line's one blaze of raging Fire.

§ THUS ev'ry Subject like it ſelf is dreſt,
As each Man's Cloaths ſuit his own Perſon beſt;
Each Action, and each Paſſion, juſt appears;
Things, Attitudes, Mankind have Characters.

* Some Men not knowing what to what belong,
Run into Faults, they cannot ſee are wrong;
Or ventring out on Themes above their Strength,
Fall into groſs Abſurdities at length.

† And others are in ſo much haſte to write,
They hardly know one Thing they ought, aright;
But rambling on confus'd, now here, now there,
They ſay they know not what, they know not where:
Theſe, that their Errours may be undeſcry'd,
In Clouds of Words their fluent Nonſence hide;

As

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§ *Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores,*
Cur ego, ſi nequeo, ignoroq; poeta ſalutor? HOR.
* *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.* Idem.
† *Cùò ſcribendo non fit ut bene ſcribatur: bene ſcribendo, ſit ut cìtò.*
QUINTIL. lib. 10. c. 3.

As weak Philoſophers recourſe to chance,
Which both explains and covers Ignorance.
* Be warn'd from hence, and often ſcan your Theme,
Things are not ſtill exactly what they ſeem:
† Your Thought muſt be moſt ſtudiouſly confin'd,
Ere you begin the Structure that's deſign'd;
When once ſet out, the Labour all muſt ceaſe,
And the Verſe flow with a delightful eaſe:
The Temple thus of old began to riſe,
Not, 'till each Stone was hewn to proper ſize.

If ſome new Thought your raviſh'd Fancy fire,
And Truth and Judgment warrant your Deſire;
Purſue while fancy's warm, but then beware,
You do not ſpin the tender Thread too far;
Leaſt both your Thought and Labour prove in Vain,
And loſe in Spirit what in Words they gain.
Beyond juſt Bounds be never known to ſtretch,
But rather ſay too little than too much;

* *Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis æquam*
Viribus; & verſata diu, quid ferre recuſent
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc, nec lucidus ordo. HOR.

† *Multo labore, aſſiduo ſtudio, varia exercitatione, pluribus experimentis, aliſſima prudentia, præſentiſſimo conſilio conſtat ars dicendi.*
QUINTIL. lib. 2. c. 13.

The Fault of this is leſs than that extream,
The Reader pall'd, the Reſt provokes his phlegm;
'Tis better he depart unſatisfy'd,
Deſiring more, than overcharg'd and cloy'd.

THO' to begin will Skill and Judgment crave,
As much is ask'd in knowing where to leave;
* 'Tis not ſufficient that the Thing be ſaid,
But in what range the Images are laid;
How well they ſuit the compaſs where they lie,
How thoſe with theſe, and with the whole comply.

THO' theſe are needful Rules, yet ſtill their uſe,
Without Diſcretion is a mere abuſe.
Beware no Precept bind you up too cloſe,
Leaſt while you gain the Rule, the Fire you loſe.
Too ſtrict purſuit of any human Rule,
Grows flat and dry, pedantical and dull.
T' avoid this Fault, beſure to bear in Mind,
That Nature's free, and hates to be confin'd;
Where e'er ſhe Works beneath too great conſtraint;
A Monſter breeds, too bulky or too ſcant.

* In

* *Quid factum ſit, quo ſit modo factum.* QUINTIL. lib. 4. c. 2.

* In vain you Labour on the heavy Verſe,
When ſhe lags Backwards and moves up by Force.
How odd it looks to ſee the Miſtreſs led,
And drag'd up ungenteely by the Maid!
† Let Nature ſtill the foremoſt Glory gain,
And Art behind, adjuſt her Lady's train;
Unſeen, diſpoſe each Ornament ſhe wears,
Art wins moſt Praiſes, when it leaſt appears.
RULES thus conducted will not fail to pleaſe,
We like good Method, when 'tis kept with eaſe;
For when the Poet writes without deſign,
Long wilds of Verſe, and rhapſodies of Rhyme:
The Reader vext at his perplexing maze,
Returns him Curſes, while he pants for praiſe.
Propoſe ſome End, and ſtill that end purſue,
Be That your Means and That your Conduct too:
Diſpoſe each Word and order ev'ry Line,
‡ So, that Each point and move to the Deſign:

* *Natura etiam ſine doctrina multum valebit, doctrina nulla eſſe ſine natura poterit.* QUINTIL. lib. 2. c. 19.

† *Denique natura materia, ars doctrina eſt. Hæc fingit, illa fingitur. Nihil ars ſina materia: materia etiam ſine arte pretium eſt. Ars ſumma, materia optima melior.* Idem.

‡ *Servitur ad imum*
Qualis ab incœpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet. HOR.

If thus you ſteer, your end you will attain,
And find at laſt, your Labour not in vain.
And tho' ſome Places, to a ſcanty Thought,
May ſeem imperfect, or contain a Fault;
Such ſeeming Slips, if they promote the End,
Are Slips of Moment which you muſt not mend;
They add more Beauty than they take away,
As Clouds reflect new Glories on the Day;
Some Foils are needful to advance a Grace,
As artful Patches on a beauteous Face.
If only there, the Critic's ſpite aſſails,
He damns in vain, and impotently rails;
Like modern Athieſts wanting Strength of Mind,
The myſtick Ways of Providence to find,
Would mend all Nature that they can't diſcern,
And find out Faults in Laws they want to learn;
But this is all they teach Mankind from thence,
Their own Impiety and want of Senſe.

NE'ER ſhun that Malice which can do no wrong,
Nor dread the Clamours of an envious Tongue:
Sometimes when theſe deſign the greateſt ill,
They raving find th'effect reverſe their Will.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome beauteous Lights might 'ſcape Mankind,
If no ſour Critic caſt his Shade behind;
As *Iris* could not make her Colours known,
If no dark Vapour ſhould oppoſe the Sun.
Be ne'er affraid of what the Critics dare,
Let them rail freely, nor expect they'll ſpare;
† Truth will ſurvive, when all their Rage is by,
And all beſide (tho' they were mute) ſhall die.
'Tis in your Pow'r to make them to your Senſe,
If not the kindeſt, yet it's uſeful Friends.
'Tis poſſible ſome Blemiſh miſs'd your Eye,
And too, ſo ſmall, that Friendſhip paſſes by;
But the malicious Sight obſerves the Stain,
And lets you know your Overſight with Pain;
That Wiſdom is the beſt, that comes by Coſt,
Shall laſt you longeſt and ſhall ſerve you moſt.
Would you deſire to pleaſe an Ear that's fine,
Be never conſtant to one Pauſe or Rhyme;
New change of Rhyme with Pleaſure entertains,
And varied Pauſes will adorn your Strains;

'Tis

---

† *O magna vis veritatis, quæ contra hominum ingenia, calliditatem, Sollertiam contraque fictas omnium inſidias facile ſe per ſeipſum defendat!*
CIC. Or. M. Cœl.

Verſe, Juglar-like, when once the Secret's known,
The Charm expires and all the Show is done;
'Tis neceſſary you ſhould ſteer with Skill,
To keep your Reader your dependent ſtill;
And ſometimes this, as often that, prefer;
Prompt him to gueſs, but leave him room to err;
For if you ſtill the ſame dull Method keep,
He lies you down, and Yawns, or falls aſleep.
* Be this your Care, Attention firſt to gain,
This got, your Art muſt be to entertain.
Firſt win the Paſſions by a ſmooth Addreſs,
Gain Reaſon next, then keep what you poſſeſs.
This Art once underſtood, and practis'd well,
You'll miſs the Fate a thouſand Authors feel.
The human Mind's a ſlip'ry Thing to ſeize,
'Tis ſoon diſguſted, and 'tis hard to pleaſe;
This Moment, Reaſon ſeems to hold the Sway,
The next, the Paſſions bear it all away;
And oft, whilſt naked Juſtice it denies,
A Fraud well cover'd, takes it by Surprize.

Wiſe

* *Tria ſunt itaque præſtare debet Orator, ut moveat delectet doceat.*
QUINTIL. l. 3. c. 5.

Wiſe Stratagems will often pleaſe no leſs,
Than Truth itſelf, tho' in the neateſt Dreſs;
To be deceiv'd, no Man e'er murmur'd yet,
When his own Int'reſt proſper'd by the Cheat.
Sometimes to riſe aloft you muſt a-light,
Be dull on Purpoſe, that you may be bright;
Lights joyn'd with Shades, in painting thus deceive,
And each to each a juſt *Relievo* give;
Light by it ſelf, or ſhade, without this Rule,
Would ſeem all Flatneſs, one and one all dull.
What e'er you mount to, or where e'er you fall,
There's Symmetry to be obſerv'd in all;
Propriety to ſuit with ev'ry Grace,
And Ornaments proportion'd to each Place.
BEWARE (of all Things) how your Muſe obeys
The Charms of Wit, the vice of Modern Lays:
As Brutes advert by Moments, ſo it lives,
And no true Excellence or Pleaſure gives;
'Tis hard to rule, and eaſily goes wrong,
The Praiſe is ſhort, but O the Scandal's long!
Correct it's turns, and oft reſtrain it's Pride,
Let Caution uſe it, and let Judgment guide;

To

To juſt Decorum, all it's Wildneſs bring,
For Wit ill tim'd's an execrable Thing:
'Tis of it ſelf but like a falling Star,
That ſhines a Moment e're it diſappear,
Let ſuch admire it's Points whoſe Genius lies
In narrow Bounds, and wants the Strength to riſe.
But nobler Minds Purſue at nobler Flights,
And warm at Beauties in ſublimer Heights;
Such as the great majeſtick Iliad wears,
Still freſh and young, and undecay'd by Years;
Where Boldneſs, Eaſe, and Strength, and Sweetneſs join,
And bright, and never fading Glories Shine.
Charm'd with thoſe Beauties of exalted Size,
Your Taſte will nauſeate, meaner Reliſhes;
Diſpiſe thoſe baſe polluted Springs below,
And drink where pure Caſtalian Streamlets flow:
There learn to imitate immortal Strains,
Rapt and ſhut up in bright celeſtial Scenes.

You, who are born to feel the heav'nly Fire,
Whoſe boſoms glow, as ſacred Heats inſpire;
Begin the Flight, for what deters your Voice,
When Liberty invites the Muſe's Choice?

Riſe

Riſe into Verſe; and ſing th' auſpicious LORD,
By whom the Bleſſing's given, and ſecur'd.
See mighty GEORGE! by gracious Heav'n deſign'd
The Miniſter of Bleſſings to Mankind;
Born with a Soul proportion'd to his Pow'r,
To awe the World, and bid it's Broils be o'er:
To calm the Tumults of the troubled Seas,
And teach contending Nations ſocial Peace.
And ſee the ſhining Partner of his Crown,
Beſtows augmented Glories on the Throne!
And as the firſt of all her Sex in Place,
The firſt in Virtue, and the firſt in Face.
O might I ſee the Glories of their Reign!
Sung by ſome Muſe, and in an equal Strain!
That might to late Poſterity prolong
Bleſt *Britain*'s Joys in celebrated Song:
That when far diſtant Kings in Pow'r ſhall ſhine,
Deſcended long from *GEORGE* and *CAROLINE*,
And Nations yet unborn ſhall lift their Head,
To them their Fathers Glories may be read.
BUT ceaſe my Muſe, the Theme not Suits with thee,
Content thee, thus to ſing fair LIBERTY.

Hail

Hail ſacred LIBERTY, divineſt Pow'r!
O never leave thy fav'rite *Albion*'s Shore!
Still guard this Iſle, while ev'ry Art by thee
Exults, from arbitrary Sway ſet free;
But moſt the Muſe, that owes to thee her Lays,
Shall ſing thy Glories, and ſhall hymn thy Praiſe;
In foreign Lands oppreſt, her Genius groans,
Cramp'd under Tyrants, and deſpotic Thrones;
Cold Damps of Fear invade her as ſhe warms,
And ſhe no more appears in ancient Charms;
But bleſt in *Britain*'s more indulgent Iſle,
She opens out, and all her Graces ſmile:
Her native Vigour, native Charms aſſumes,
And ev'ry heav'nly Feature dawns and blooms;
She ſoars again, and *Britain* is become,
A new *Auguſtan* Reign, a brighter *ROME*.

FINIS.

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